Act III. THE DOUBLE GALLANT. Scene III.

De Wilde pinxt. Thornthwaite sculp.

Mrs LEE LEWIS as LADY SADLIFE.

I can't tell how to write to any body but you, my dear!

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Novr 1st 1792.

Act IV.

Burney del. White Sculp.t

London, Printed for J. Bell, British Library, Strand, Nov.r 24.17 92.

THE

DOUBLE GALLANT;

OR,

THE SICK LADY's CURE.

A

COMEDY.

BY COLLEY CIBBER, ESQ.

ADAPTED FOR

THEATRICAL REPRESENTATION,

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRES-ROYAL DRURY-LANE AND COVENT-GARDEN.

REGULATED FROM THE PROMPT-BOOKS,

By Permission of the Managers.

"The Lines distinguished by inverted Commas, are omitted in the Representation."

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, under the Direction of JOHN BELL,

British Library, STRAND,

Bookseller to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

M DCC XCII.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

THIS Play was at first vehemently disapproved by the audience, in short, run down; two years after, it found such an audience as it deserved, and has continued a stock play ever since 1709.

COLLEY CIBBER, who always borrowed from every body that could lend, has here made free with Mrs. CENTLIVRE's *Love at a Venture*, or the French play of the same title, as his own; and also with something from BURNABY's *Visiting Day*.

Managers of Companies who write, object to this practice in every author but themselves.

PROLOGUE.

COULD those, who never try'd, conceive the sweat,
The toil requir'd, to make a Play complete;
They'd pardon, or encourage all that could
Pretend to be but tolerably good.
Plot, Wit, and Humour's hard to meet in one,
And yet, without 'em all——all's lamely done:
One Wit, perhaps, another Humour paints;
A third designs you well, but Genius wants;
A fourth begins with fire—but, ah! too weak to hold it,
faints.
A modern Bard, who late adorn'd the bays,
Whose muse advanc'd his fame to envy'd praise,
Was still observ'd to want his judgment most in plays.
Those he too often found, requir'd the pain,
And stronger forces of a vig'rous brain:
Nay, even alter'd Plays, like old houses mended,
Cost little less than new, before they're ended;
At least, our Author finds th' experience true,
For equal pains has made this wholly new:
And tho' the Name *seems old, the* Scenes *will show*
That 'tis, in fact, no more the same, than now
Fam'd Chatworth is, what 'twas some years ago.
Pardon the boldness, that a Play should dare,
With works of so much wonder to compare:
But as that fabric's ancient, walls or wood
Were little worth to make this new one good;
So, of this Play, we hope, 'tis understood.
For tho' from former Scenes *some hints he draws,*
The ground-plot's wholly chang'd from what it was:

Not but he hopes you'll find enough that's new,
In plot, in persons, wit, and humour too:
Yet what's not his, he owns in other's right,
Nor toils he now for fame, but your delight.
If that's attain'd, what's the matter who's the Play's;
Applaud the Scenes, *and strip him of the praise.*

Dramatis Personæ.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Men.

Sir Solomon Sadlife,	Mr. Quick.
Clermont,	Mr. Macready.
Careless,	Mr. Farren.
Atall,	Mr. Lewis.
Old Mr. Wilful,	Mr. Cubitt.
Sir Harry Atall,	Mr. Thompson.
Supple,	Mr. Cross.
Dr. Blister,	Mr. Powell.
Rhubarb,	Mr. C. Powell.
Finder,	Mr. Bernard.

Women.

Lady Dainty,	Mrs. Mattocks.
Lady Sadlife,	Mrs. Pope.
Clarinda,	Mrs. Bernard.
Sylvia,	Mrs. Merry.
Wishwell,	Mrs. Harlowe.
Situp,	Miss Stuart.

THE DOUBLE GALLANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Park. Enter CLERIMONT *and* ATALL.

Clerimont.

MR. ATALL, your very humble servant.

At. O, Clerimont, such an adventure! I was just going to your lodgings; such a transporting accident! In short, I am now positively in love for altogether.

Cler. All the sex together, I believe.

At. Nay, if thou dost not believe me, and stand my friend, I am ruined past redemption. 7

Cler. Dear sir, if I stand your friend without believing you, won't that do as well? But why should you think I don't believe you? I have seen you twice in love within this fortnight; and it would be hard indeed to suppose a heart of so much mettle could not hold out a third engagement.

At. Then, to be serious, in one word, I am honourably in love; and, if she proves the woman I am sure she must, will positively marry her.

Cler. Marry! O degenerate virtue!

At. Now, will you help me?

Cler. Sir, you may depend upon me. Pray give me leave first to ask a question or two. What is this honourable lady's name? 21

At. Faith, I don't know.

Cler. What are her parents?

At. I cannot tell.

Clar. What fortune has she?

At. I don't know.

Cler. Where does she live?

At. I cannot tell.

Cler. A very concise account of the person you design to marry. Pray, sir, what is it you do know of her?

At. That I'll tell you. Coming yesterday from Greenwich, by water, I overtook a pair of oars, whose lovely freight was one single lady, and a fellow in a handsome livery, in the stern. When I came up, I had at first resolved to use the privilege of the element, and bait her with waterman's wit, till I came to the bridge; but as soon as she saw me, she very prudently prevented my design; and, as I passed, bowed to me with an humble blush, that spoke at once such sense, so just a fear, and modesty, as put the loosest of my thoughts to rout. And when she found her fears had moved me into manners, the cautious gloom that sat upon her beauties disappeared; her sparkling eyes resumed their native fire; she looked, she smiled, she talked while her diffusive charms new fired my heart, and gave my soul a softness it never felt before.—To be brief, her conversation was as charming as her person, both easy, unconstrained, and sprightly: but then her limbs! O rapturous thought! The snowy down upon the wings of unfledged love had never half that softness.

Cler. Raptures indeed. Pray, sir, how came you so well acquainted with her limbs?

At. By the most fortunate misfortune, sure, that ever was: for, as we were shooting the bridge, her boat, by the negligence of the waterman, running against the piles, was overset; out jumps the footman, to take care of a single rogue, and down went the poor lady to the bottom. My boat being

before her, the stream drove her, by the help of her clothes, toward me; at sight of her I plunged in, caught her in my arms, and, with much ado, supported her till my waterman pulled in to save us. But the charming difficulty of her getting into the boat, gave me a transport that all the wide water in the Thames had not power to cool! for, sir, while I was giving her a lift into the boat, I found the floating of her clothes had left her lovely limbs beneath as bare as a new-born Venus rising from the sea.

Cler. What an impudent happiness art thou capable of!

At. When she was a little recovered from her fright, she began to inquire my name, abode, and circumstances, that she might know to whom she owed her life and preservation. Now, to tell you the truth, I durst not trust her with my real name, lest she should from thence have discovered that my father was now actually under bonds to marry me to another woman; so, faith, I even told her my name was Freeman, a Gloucestershire gentleman of a good estate, just come to town about a chancery suit. Besides, I was unwilling any accident should let my father know of my being yet in England, lest he should find me out, and force me to marry the woman I never saw (for which, you know, he commanded me home) before I have time to prevent it.

Cler. Well, but could you not learn the lady's name all this while?

At. No, faith, she was inexorable to all intreaties; only told me in general terms, that if what I vowed to her was sincere, she would give me a proof in a few days what hazards she would run to requite my services; so, after having told her where she might hear of me, I saw her into a chair, pressed her by the cold rosy fingers, kissed them warm, and parted.

Cler. What, then you are quite off with the lady, I sup-

pose, that you made an acquaintance with in the Park, last week?

At. No, no; not so neither: one's my Juno, all pride and beauty; but this my Venus, all life, love, and softness. Now, what I beg of thee, dear Clerimont, is this: Mrs. Juno, as I told you, having done me the honour of a civil visit or two at my own lodgings, I must needs borrow thine to entertain Mrs. Venus in; for if the rival goddesses should meet and clash, you know there would be the devil to do between them.

Cler. Well, sir, my lodgings are at your service:—but you must be very private and sober, I can tell you; for my landlady's a Presbyterian; if she suspects your design, you're blown up, depend upon't.

At. Don't fear; I'll be as careful as a guilty conscience; but I want immediate possession; for I expect to hear from her every moment, and have already directed her to send thither. Pr'ythee, come with me.

Cler. Faith, you must excuse me; I expect some ladies in the Park that I would not miss of for an empire; but yonder's my servant, he shall conduct you.

At. Very good! that will do as well then; I'll send my man along with him to expect her commands, and call me if she sends; and in the mean time I'll e'en go home to my own lodgings: for, to tell you the truth, I expect a small message there, from my goddess imperial. And I am not so much in love with my new bird in the bush, as to let t'other fly out of my hand for her.

Cler. And pray, sir, what name does your goddess imperial, as you call her, know you by?

At. O, sir, with her I pass for a man of arms, and am called Colonel Standfast; with my new face, John Freeman of Flatland-Hall, esq.—But time flies: I must leave you.

Cler. Well, dear Atall, I am yours.——Good luck to you. [*Exit* At.]——What a happy fellow is this, that owes his success with the women purely to his inconstancy? Here comes another too, almost as happy as he, a fellow that's wise enough to be but half in love, and make his whole life a studied idleness.

Enter CARELESS.

So, Careless! you're constant, I see, to your morning's saunter.——Well, how stand matters?—I hear strange things of thee; that after having railed at marriage all thy life, thou hast resolved to fall into the noose at last.

Care. I don't see any great terror in the noose, as you call it, when a man's weary of liberty: the liberty of playing the fool, when one's turned of thirty, is not of much value.

Cler. Hey-day! Then you begin to have nothing in your head, now, but settlements, children, and the main chance?

Care. Even so, faith; but in hopes to come at 'em too, I am forced very often to make my way through pills, elixirs, bolus's, ptisans, and gallipots.

Cler. What, is your mistress an apothecary's widow?

Care. No, but she is an apothecary's shop, and keeps as many drugs in her bed-chamber; she has her physic for every hour of the day and night—for 'tis vulgar, she says, to be a moment in rude and perfect health. Her bed lined with poppies; the black boys at the feet, that the healthy employ to bear flowers in their arms, she loads with diascordium, and other sleepy potions: her sweet bags, instead of the common and offensive smells of musk and amber, breathe nothing but the more modish and salubrious scents of hartshorn, rue, and assafœtida.

Cler. Why, at this rate, she's only fit to be the consort of

Hippocrates. But, pray, what other charms has this extraordinary lady?

Care. She has one, Tom, that a man may relish without being so deep a physician.

Cler. What's that?

Care. Why, two thousand pounds a year.

Cler. No vulgar beauty, I confess, sir. But canst thou for any consideration throw thyself into this hospital, this box of physic, and lie all night like leaf-gold upon a pill? 161

Care. O, dear sir, this is not half the evil; her humour is as fantastic as her diet; nothing that is English must come near her; all her delight is in foreign impertinencies: her rooms are all of Japan or Persia, her dress Indian, and her equipage are all monsters: the coachman came over with his horses, both from Russia, Flanders are too common; the rest of her trim are a motley crowd of blacks, tawny, olives, feumalots, and pale blues: in short, she's for any thing that comes from beyond sea; her greatest monsters are those of her own country; and she's in love with nothing o' this side the line, but the apothecaries. 172

Cler. Apothecaries, quotha! why your fine lady, for aught I see, is a perfect dose of folly and physic; in a month's time she'll grow like an antimonial cup, and a kiss will be able to work with you.

Care. But to prevent that, Tom, I design upon the wedding-day to break all her gallipots, kick the doctor down stairs, and force her, instead of physic, to take a hearty meal of a swinging rump of boiled beef and carrots, and so 'faith I have told her. 181

Cler. That's something familiar: are you so near man and wife?

Care. O, nearer; for I sometimes plague her till she hates the very sight of me.

Cler. Ha, ha! very good!—So being a very troublesome lover, you pretend to cure her of her physic by a counter poison.

Care. Right; I intend to see a doctor to prescribe to her an hour of my conversation to be taken every night and morning; and this to be continued till her fever of aversion's over. 192

Cler. An admirable recipe!

Care. Well, Tom, but how stands thy own affair? Is Clarinda kind yet?

Cler. Faith I cannot say she's absolutely kind, but she's pretty near it: for she's grown so ridiculously ill humoured to me of late, that if she keeps the same airs a week longer, I am in hopes to find as much ease from her folly, as my constancy would from her good-nature.——But to be plain, I'm afraid I have some secret rival in the case; for women's vanity seldom gives them courage enough to use an old lover heartily ill, till they are first sure of a new one, that they intend to use better. 204

Care. What says Sir Solomon? He is your friend, I presume?

Cler. Yes; at least I can make him so when I please:—there is an odd five hundred pound in her fortune, that he has a great mind should stick to his fingers, when he pays in the rest on't; which I am afraid I must comply with, for she cann't easily marry without his consent.——And yet she's so altered in her behaviour of late, that I scarce know what to do.——Pr'ythee take a turn and advise me.

Care. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to Sir SOLOMON SADLIFE*'s House. Enter Sir* SOLOMON *and* SUPPLE, *his man.*

Sir Sol. Supple, dost not thou perceive I put a great confidence in thee?——I trust thee with my bosom secrets.

Sup. Yes, sir.

Sir Sol. Ah, Supple, I begin to hate my wife——but be secret———

Sup. I'll never tell while I live, sir.

Sir Sol. Nay, then, I'll trust thee further. Between thee and I, Supple, I have reason to believe my wife hates me too.

Sup Ah, dear sir! I doubt that's no secret; for to say the truth, my lady's bitter, young, and gamesome.

Sir Sol. But can she have the impudence, thinkest thou, to make a cuckold of a knight, one that was dubbed by the royal sword?

Sup. Alas, sir, I warrant she has the courage of a countess; if she's once provoked, she cares not what she does in her passion; if you were ten times a knight, she'd give you dub for dub, sir.

Sir Sol. Ah, Supple, when her blood's up, I confess she's the devil; and I question if the whole conclave of cardinals could lay her. But suppose she should resolve to give me a sample of her sex, and make me a cuckold in cool blood.

Sup. Why, if she should, sir, don't take it so to heart; cuckolds are no such monsters now-a-days: in the city, you know, sir, it's so many honest men's fortune, that no body minds it there; and at this end of the town, a cuckold has as much respect as his wife, for aught I see; for gentlemen

don't know but it may be their own case another day, and so people are willing to do as they would be done by.

Sir Sol. And yet I do not think but my spouse is honest—and think she is not—would I were satisfied!

Sup. Troth, sir, I don't know what to think, but in my conscience, I believe good looking after her can do her no harm.

Sir Sol. Right, Supple; and in order to it, I'll first demolish her visiting days. For how do I know but they may be so many private clubs for cuckoldom?

Sup. Ah, sir! your worship knows I was always against your coming to this end of the town.

Sir Sol. Thou wert indeed, my honest Supple: but woman! fair and faithless woman, wormed and worked me to her wishes;—like fond Mark Antony, I let my empire moulder from my hands, and gave up all for love.——I must have a young wife, with a murrain to me——I hate her too—and yet the devil on't is, I'm still jealous of her.——Stay! let me reckon up all the fashionable virtues she has that can make a man happy. In the first place—I think her very ugly.

Sup. Ah, that's because you are married to her, sir.

Sir Sol. As for her expences, no arithmetic can reach them; she's always longing for something dear and useless; she will certainly ruin me in china, silks, ribbands, fans, laces, perfumes, washes, powder, patches, jessamine gloves, and ratafia.

Sup. Ah, sir, that's a cruel liquor with them.

Sir Sol. To sum up all would run me mad.——The only way to put a stop to her career, must be to put off my coach, turn away her chairmen, lock out her Swiss porter, bar up the doors, keep out all her visiters, and then she'll be less expensive.

Sup. Ay, sir, for few women think it worth their while to dress for their husbands.

Sir Sol. Then we sha'n't be plagued with my old Lady Tittle-tattle's howd'ye's in a morning, nor my Lady Dainty's spleen, or the sudden indisposition of that grim beast her horrible Dutch mastiff.

Sup. No, sir, nor the impertinence of that great fat creature, my Lady Swill-Tea.

Sir Sol. And her squinting daughter.—No, Supple, after this night, nothing in petticoats shall come within ten yards of my doors.

Sup. Nor in breeches neither.

Sir Sol. Only Mr. Clerimont; for I expect him to sign articles with me for the five hundred pounds he is to give me, for that ungovernable jade my niece Clarinda.——But now to my own affairs. I'll step into the park, and see if I can meet with my hopeful spouse there. I warrant, engaged in some innocent freedom, as she calls it, as walking in a mask, to laugh at the impertinencies of fops that don't know her; but 'tis more likely, I'm afraid, a plot to intrigue with those that do. Oh, how many torments lie in the small circle of a wedding-ring. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

CLARINDA'*s Apartment.* *Enter* CLARINDA, *and* SYLVIA.

Sylvia.

HA, ha! poor Sylvia!

Syl. Nay, pr'ythee, don't laugh at me. There's no accounting for inclination: for if they were, you know, why should it be a greater folly in me, to fall in love with a man

I never saw but once in my life, than it is in you to resist an honest gentleman, whose fidelity has deserved your heart an hundred times over.

Clar. Ah, but an utter stranger, cousin, and one that, for aught you know, may be no gentleman.

Syl. That's impossible: his conversation could not be counterfeit. An elevated wit, and good breeding, have a natural lustre that's inimitable. Beside, he saved my life at the hazard of his own; so that part of what I gave him, is but gratitude.

Clar. "Well;—you are the first woman that ever took "fire in the middle of the Thames, sure." But suppose now he is married, and has three or four children.

Syl. Psha! pr'ythee don't tease me with so many ill-natured objections. I tell you he is not married? I am sure he is not: for I never saw a face look more in humour in my life. Beside, he told me himself, he was a country gentleman, just come to town upon business: and I am resolved to believe him.

Clar. Well, well; I'll suppose you both as fit for one another as a couple of tallies. But, still, my dear, you know there's a surly old father's command against you; he is in articles to marry you to another: and though I know love is a notable contriver, I cannot see how you'll get over that difficulty.

Syl. 'Tis a terrible one, I own; but with a little of your assistance, dear Clarinda, I am still in hopes to bring it to an even wager, I prove as wise as my father.

Clar. Nay, you may be sure of me; you may see by the management of my own amours, I have so natural a compassion for disobedience, I sha'n't be able to refuse you any thing in distress.—There's my hand; tell me how I can serve you?

Syl. Why thus:——because I would not wholly discover myself to him at once, I have sent him a note to visit me here, as if these lodgings were my own.

Clar. Hither! to my lodging! 'Twas well I sent Colonel Standfast word I should not be at home. [*Aside.*

Syl. I hope you'll pardon my freedom, since one end of my taking it too, was to have your opinion of him before I engage any farther.

Clar. Oh, it needs no apology; any thing of mine is at your service.——I am only afraid my troublesome lover, Mr. Clerimont, should happen to see him, who is of late so impertinently jealous of a rival, though from what cause I know not——not but I lie too. [*Aside.*] I say, should he see him, your country gentleman would be in danger, I can tell you.

Syl. Oh, there's no fear of that; for I have ordered him to be brought in the back way: when I have talked with him a little alone, I'll find an occasion to leave him with you; and then we'll compare our opinions of him.

Enter a Servant to CLARINDA.

Serv. Madam, my Lady Sadlife. [*Exit.*

Syl. Psha! she here!

Clar. Don't be uneasy; she sha'n't disturb you: I'll take care of her.

Enter Lady SADLIFE.

L. Sad. Oh, my dears, you have lost the sweetest morning, sure, that ever peeped out of the firmament. The park never was in such perfection.

Clar. 'Tis always so when your ladyship's there.

L. Sad. 'Tis never so without my dear Clarinda.

Syl. How civilly we women hate one another! [*Aside.*] Was there a good deal of company, madam?

L. Sad. Abundance! and the best I have seen this season: for 'twas between twelve and one, the very hour you know when the mob are violently hungry. Oh, the air was so inspiring! so amorous! and to complete the pleasure, I was attacked in conversation by the most charming, modest, agreeably insinuating young fellow, sure, that ever woman played the fool with.

Clar. Who was it?

L. Sad. Nay, Heaven knows; his face is as entirely new as his conversation. What wretches our young fellows are to him!

Syl. What sort of a person?

L. Sad. Tall, straight, well-limbed, walked firm, and a look as cheerful as a May-day morning.

Syl. The picture's very like: pray Heaven it is not my gentleman's! [*Aside.*

Clar. I wish this don't prove my colonel. [*Aside.*

Syl. How came you to part with him so soon?

L. Sad. Oh, name it not! that eternal damper of all pleasure, my husband, Sir Solomon, came into the Mall in the very crisis of our conversation.—I saw him at a distance, and complained that the air grew tainted, that I was sick o' th' sudden, and left him in such abruptness and confusion, as if he had been himself my husband.

Clar. A melancholy disappointment, indeed!

L. Sad. Oh, 'tis a husband's nature to give them.

A Servant enters, and whispers SYLVIA.

Syl. Desire him to walk in.—Cousin, you'll be at hand.

Clar. In the next room.——Come, madam, Sylvia has a little business; I'll shew you some of the sweetest, prettiest figured china.

L. Sad. My dear, I wait on you. [*Ex. L.* Sad. *and* Clar.

Enter ATALL, *as Mr.* FREEMAN.

Syl. You find, sir, I have kept my word in seeing you; 'tis all you yet have asked of me: and when I know 'tis in my power to be more obliging, there's nothing you can command in honour I shall refuse you.

At. This generous offer, madam, is so high an obligation, that it were almost mean in me to ask a farther favour. But 'tis a lover's merit to be a miser in his wishes, and grasp at all occasions to enrich them. I own I feel your charms too sensibly prevail, but dare not give a loose to my ambitious thoughts, 'till I have passed one dreadful doubt that shakes them.

Syl. If 'tis in my power to clear it, ask me freely.

At. I tremble at the trial; and yet, methinks, my fears are vain: but yet to kill or cure them once for ever, be just and tell me——are you married?

Syl. If that can make you easy, no.

At. 'Tis ease indeed—nor are you promised, nor your heart engaged.

Syl. That's hard to tell you: but to be just, I own my father has engaged my person to one I never saw; and my heart I fear is inclining to one he never saw.

At. Oh, yet be merciful, and ease my doubt; tell me the happy man that has deserved so exquisite a blessing.

Syl. That, sir, requires some pause: first tell me why you're so inquisitive, without letting me know the condition of your own heart.

At. In every circumstance my heart's the same with yours; 'tis promised to one I never saw, by a commanding father, who, by my firm hopes of happiness, I am resolved to disobey, unless your cruelty prevents it.

Syl. But my disobedience would beggar me.

At. Banish that fear. I'm heir to a fortune will support you like yourself.—May I not know your family.

Syl. Yet you must not.

At. Why that nicety? Is not it in my power to inquire whose house this is when I am gone?

Syl. And be never the wiser. These lodgings are a friend's, and are only borrowed on this occasion: but to save you the trouble of any further needless questions, I will make you one proposal. I have a young lady here within, who is the only confidant of my engagements to you: on her opinion I reply: nor can you take it ill, if I take no farther steps without it: 'twould be miserable indeed should we both meet beggars. I own your actions and appearance merit all you can desire; let her be as well satisfied of your pretensions and condition, and you shall find it sha'n't be a little fortune shall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an offer exceeds my hopes.

Syl. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Desire my cousin Clarinda to walk in.

At. Ha! Clarinda! If it should be my Clarinda now, I'm in a sweet condition——by all that's terrible the very she!—this was finely contrived of fortune. [*Aside.*

Enter CLARINDA.

Clar. Defend me! Colonel Standfast!—She has certainly discovered my affairs with him, and has a mind to insult me by an affected resignation of her pretensions to him.——I'll disappoint her—I won't know him. [*Aside.*

Syl. Cousin, pray, come forward; this is the gentleman I am so much obliged to—sir, this lady is a relation of mine, and the person we were speaking of.

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Syl. Yet you must not.

At. Why that nicety? Is not it in my power to inquire whose house this is when I am gone?

Syl. And be never the wiser. These lodgings are a friend's, and are only borrowed on this occasion: but to save you the trouble of any further needless questions, I will make you one proposal. I have a young lady here within, who is the only confidant of my engagements to you: on her opinion I reply: nor can you take it ill, if I take no farther steps without it: 'twould be miserable indeed should we both meet beggars. I own your actions and appearance merit all you can desire; let her be as well satisfied of your pretensions and condition, and you shall find it sha'n't be a little fortune shall make me ungrateful.

At. So generous an offer exceeds my hopes.

Syl. Who's there?

Enter a Servant.

Desire my cousin Clarinda to walk in.

At. Ha! Clarinda! If it should be my Clarinda now, I'm in a sweet condition——by all that's terrible the very she!—this was finely contrived of fortune. [*Aside.*

Enter CLARINDA.

Clar. Defend me! Colonel Standfast!—She has certainly discovered my affairs with him, and has a mind to insult me by an affected resignation of her pretensions to him.——I'll disappoint her—I won't know him. [*Aside.*

Syl. Cousin, pray, come forward; this is the gentleman I am so much obliged to—sir, this lady is a relation of mine, and the person we were speaking of.

At. I shall be proud to be better known among any of your friends. [*Salutes her.*

Clar. Soh! he takes the hint, I see, and seems not to know me neither: I know not what to think—I am confounded!—I hate both him and her.—How unconcerned he looks! Confusion! he addresses her before my face. [*Aside.*

Lady SADLIFE *peeping in.*

L. Sad. What do I see? The pleasant young fellow that talked with me in the park just now! This is the luckiest accident! I must know a little more of him. [*Retires.*

Syl. Cousin, and Mr. Freeman, I think I need not make any apology—you both know the occasion of my leaving you together—in a quarter of an hour I'll wait on you again.

[*Exit* Syl.

At. So! I'm in a hopeful way now, faith;—but buff's the word: I'll stand it.

Clar. Mr. Freeman! So, my gentleman has changed his name too! How harmless he looks!—I have my senses sure, and yet the demureness of that face looks as if he had a mind to persuade me out of them. I could find in my heart to humour his assurance, and see how far he'll carry it ——Will not you please to sit, sir? [*They sit.*

At. What the devil can this mean?—Sure she has a mind to counterface me, and not know me too——With all my heart: if her ladyship won't know me, I'm sure 'tis not my business at this time to know her. [*Aside.*

Clar. Certainly that face is cannon proof. [*Aside.*

At. Now for a formal speech, as if I never had seen her in my life before. [*Aside.*] Madam—a-hem! Madam—I—a-hem!

Clar. Curse of that steady face. [*Aside.*

At. I say, madam, since I am an utter stranger to you, I

am afraid it will be very difficult for me to offer you more arguments than one to do me a friendship with your cousin; but if you are, as she seems to own you, her real friend, I presume you cann't give her a better proof of your being so, than pleading the cause of a sincere and humble lover, whose tender wishes never can propose to taste of peace in life without her.

Clar. Umph! I'm choked. [*Aside.*

At. She gave me hopes, that when I had satisfied you of my birth and fortune, you would do me the honour to let me know her name and family.

Clar. Sir, I must own you are the most perfect master of your art, that ever entered the lists of assurance.

At. Madam!

Clar. And I don't doubt but you'll find it a much easier task to impose upon my cousin, than me.

At. Impose, madam! I should be sorry any thing I have said could disoblige you into such hard thoughts of me. Sure, madam, you are under some misinformation.

Clar. I was, indeed, but now my eyes are open; for, 'till this minute, I never knew that the gay Colonel Standfast, was the demure Mr. Freeman.

At. Colonel Standfast! This is extremely dark, madam.

Clar. This jest is tedious, sir—impudence grown dull, when 'tis so very extravagant.

At. Madam, I am a gentleman—but not yet wise enough, I find, to account for the humours of a fine lady.

Clar. Troth, sir, on second thoughts, I begin to be a little better reconciled to your assurance; 'tis in some sort modesty to deny yourself; for to own your prejudices to my face, had been an insolence transcendently provoking.

At. Really, madam, my not being able to apprehend one word of all this, is a great inconvenience to my affair with

your cousin: but if you will first do me the honour to make me acquainted with her name and family, I don't much care if I do take a little pains afterwards to come to a right understanding with you.

Clar. Come, come, since you see this assurance will do you no good, you had better put on a simple look, and generously confess your frailties: the same slyness that deceived me first, will still find me woman enough to pardon you.

At. That bite won't do. [*Aside.*] Sure, madam, you mistake me for some other person.

Clar. Insolent! audacious villain! I am not to have my senses then!

At. No. [*Aside.*

Clar. And you are resolved to stand it to the last!

At. The last extremity. [*Aside.*

Clar. Well, sir, since you are so much a stranger to Colonel Standfast, I'll tell you where to find him, and tell him this from me; I hate him, scorn, detest, and lothe him: I never meant him but at best for my diversion, and should he ever renew his dull addresses to me, I'll have him used as his vain insolence deserves. Now, sir, I have no more to say, and I desire you would leave the house immediately.

At. I would not willingly disoblige you, madam, but 'tis impossible to stir 'till I have seen your cousin, and cleared myself of these strange aspersions.

Clar. Don't flatter yourself, sir, with so vain a hope, for I must tell you, once for all, you've seen the last of her; and if you won't be gone, you'll oblige me to have you forced away.

At. I'll be even with you. [*Aside.*] Well, madam, since I find nothing can prevail upon your cruelty, I'll take my leave: but as you hope for justice on the man that wrongs you, at least be faithful to your lovely friend. And when you have

named to her my utmost guilt, yet paint my passion as it is, sincere. Tell her what tortures I endure in this severe exclusion from her sight, that till my innocence is clear to her, and she again receives me into mercy.

A madman's frenzy's heaven to what I feel; 258
The wound you give 'tis she alone can heal. [Exit.

Clar. Most abandoned impudence! And yet I know not which vexes me most, his out-facing my senses, or his insolent owning his passion for my cousin to my face: 'tis impossible she could put him upon this, it must be all his own; but be it as it will, by all that's woman I'll have revenge. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ATALL *and Lady* SADLIFE *at the other side.*

At. Hey-day! is there no way down stairs here? Death! I cann't find my way out! This is the oddest house——

L. Sad. Here he is—I'll venture to pass by him.

At. Pray, madam, which is the nearest way out?

L. Sad. Sir, out——a—— 269

At. Oh, my stars! is't you, madam, this is fortunate indeed—I beg you'll tell me, do you live here, madam?

L. Sad. Not very far off, sir: but this is no place to talk with you alone—indeed I must beg your pardon.

At. By all those kindling charms that fire my soul, no consequence on earth shall make me quit my hold, 'till you've given me some kind assurance that I shall see you again, and speedily; 'egad I'll have one out of the family at least.

L. Sad. Oh, good, here's company! 279

At. Oh, do not rack me with delays, but quick, before this dear short-lived opportunity's lost, inform me where you live, or kill me: to part with this soft white hand is ten thousand daggers to my heart. [*Kissing it eagerly.*

L. Sad. Oh, lud! I am going home this minute; and if you should offer to dog my chair, I protest I——was ever such usage——lord——sure! Oh——follow me down then. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter CLARINDA, *and* SYLVIA.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. Nay, you may laugh, madam, but what I tell you is true.

Syl. Ha, ha, ha!

Clar. You don't believe, then?

Syl. I do believe, that when some women are inclined to like a man, nothing more palpably discovers it, than their railing at him; ha, ha, ha!——Your pardon, cousin; you know you laughed at me just now upon the same occasion.

Clar. The occasion's quite different, madam; I hate him. And, once more I tell you, he's a villain; you're imposed on. He's a colonel of foot, his regiment's now in Spain, and his name's Standfast.

Syl. But pray, good cousin, whence had you this intelligence of him?

Clar. From the same place that you had your false account, madam, his own mouth.

Syl. What was his business with you?

Clar. Much about the same as his business with you——Love.

Syl. Love! to you!

Clar. Me, madam! Lord, what am I? Old, or a monster! Is it so prodigious that a man should like me?

Syl. No! but I'm amazed to think, if he had liked you, he should leave you so soon, for me!

Clar. For you! leave me for you! No, madam, I did not tell you that, neither! ha, ha!

Syl. No! What made you so violently angry with him, then? Indeed, cousin, you had better take some other fairer way; this artifice is much too weak to make me break with him. But, however, to let you see I can be still a friend; prove him to be what you say he is, and my engagements with him shall soon be over.

Clar. Look you, madam, not but I slight the tenderest of his addresses: but to convince you that my vanity was not mistaken in him, I'll write to him by the name of Colonel Standfast, and do you the same by that of Freeman; and let's each appoint him to meet us at my Lady Sadlife's at the same time: if these appear two different men, I think our dispute's easily at an end; if but one, and he does not own all I have said of him to your face, I'll make you a very humble curtsey, and beg your pardon.

Syl. And if he does own it, I'll make your ladyship the same reverence, and beg yours.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Clar. Psha! he here!

Cler. I am glad to find you in such good company, madam.

Clar. One's seldom long in good company, sir.

Cler. I am sorry mine has been so troublesome of late; but I value your ease at too high a rate, to disturb it. [*Going.*

Syl. Nay, Mr. Clerimont, upon my word you sha'n't stir. Hark you. [*Whispers.*]——Your pardon, cousin.

Clar. I must not lose him, neither—Mr. Clerimont's way is, to be severe in his construction of people's meaning.

Syl. I'll write my letter, and be with you, cousin. [*Exit.*

Cler. It was always my principle, madam, to have an humble opinion of my merit; when a woman of sense frowns upon me, I ought to think I deserve it.

Clar. But to expect to be always received with a smile, I think, is having a very extraordinary opinion of one's merit.

Cler. We differ a little as to fact, madam: for these ten days past, I have had no distinction, but a severe reservedness. You did not use to be so sparing of your good-humour; and while I see you gay to all the world but me, I cann't but be a little concerned at the change.

Clar. If he has discovered the colonel now, I'm undone! he could not meet him, sure.——I must humour him a little. [*Aside.*] Men of your sincere temper, Mr. Clerimont, I own, don't always meet with the usage they deserve: but women are giddy things, and had we no errors to answer for, the use of good-nature in a lover would be lost. Vanity is our inherent weakness: you must not chide, if we are sometimes fonder of your passions than your prudence.

Cler. This friendly condescension makes me more your slave than ever. Oh, yet be kind, and tell me, have I been tortured with a groundless jealousy?

Clar. Let your own heart be judge——but don't take it ill if I leave you now—I have some earnest business with my cousin Sylvia: but to-night at my Lady Dainty's I'll make you amends; you'll be there.

Cler. I need not promise you.

Clar. Your servant.——Ah, how easily is poor sincerity imposed on! Now for the colonel. [*Aside and exit.*

Cler. This unexpected change of humour more stirs my jealousy than all her late severity.——I'll watch her close;

For she that from a just reproach is kind,
Gives more suspicion of her guilty mind,
And throws her smiles, like dust, to strike the lover blind.

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Lady DAINTY*'s Apartment. A Table with Phials, Gallipots, Glasses, &c. Enter Lady* DAINTY, *and* SITUP *her Woman.*

Lady Dainty.

SITUP! Situp!

Sit. Madam!

L. Dain. Thou art strangely slow; I told thee the hartshorn; I have the vapours to that degree!

Sit. If your ladyship would take my advice, you should e'en fling your physic out of the window; if you were not in perfect health in three days, I'd be bound to be sick for you.

L. Dain. Peace, goody impertinence! I tell thee, no woman of quality is, or should be in perfect health——Huh, huh! [*Coughs faintly.*]——To be always in health is as vulgar as to be always in humour, and would equally betray one's want of wit and breeding:——Where are the fellows? 12

Sit. Here, madam——

Enter two Footmen.

L. Dain. Cæsar!—run to my Lady Roundsides; desire to know how she rested; and tell her the violence of my cold is abated:——huh, huh! Pompey, step you to my Lady Killchairman's; give my service; say, I have been so embarrassed with the spleen all this morning, that I am under the greatest uncertainty in the world whether I shall be able to stir out or no——And, d'ye hear; desire to know how my lord does, and the new monkey. [*Exeunt* Footmen.

Sit. In my conscience, these great ladies make themselves sick to make themselves business; and are well or ill, only in ceremony to one another. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. Where's t'other fellow?

Sit. He is not returned yet, madam.

L. Dain. 'Tis indeed a strange lump, not fit to carry a disease to any body; I sent him t'other day to the Dutchess of Diet-Drink with the cholic, and the brute put it into his own tramontane language, and called it the belly-ach.

Sit. I wish your ladyship had not occasion to send for any; for my part——

L. Dain. Thy part!——pr'ythee, thou wert made of the rough masculine kind; 'tis betraying our sex not to be sickly and tender. All the families I visit have something derived to them from the elegant nice state of indisposition; you see, even in the men, a genteel, as it were, stagger, or twine of the bodies; as if they were not yet confirmed enough for the rough laborious exercise of walking, "a lazy saunter in "their motion, something so quality! and their voices so "soft and low, you'd think they were falling asleep, they are "so very delicate.

"*Sit.* But, methinks, madam, it would be better if the "men were not altogether so tender.

"*L. Dain.* Indeed, I have sometimes wished the creatures "were not, but that the niceness of their frame so much dis-"tinguishes them from the herd of common people:" nay, even most of their diseases, you see, are not prophaned by the crowd: the apoplexy, the gout, and vapours, are all peculiar to the nobility.——Huh, huh! and I could almost wish, that colds were only ours;——there's something in them so genteel, so agreeably disordering——huh, huh!

Sit. That, I hope, I shall never be fit for them—Your ladyship forgot the spleen.

L. Dain. Oh!——my dear spleen——I grudge that even to some of us.

Sit. I knew an ironmonger's wife, in the city, that was mightily troubled with it.

L. Dain. Foh! What a creature hast thou named! An ironmonger's wife have the spleen! Thou mightest as well have said her husband was a fine gentleman.——Give me something.

Sit. Will your ladyship please to take any of the steel drops? or the bolus? or the electuary? or——

L. Dain. This wench will smother me with questions——huh, huh! bring any of them———these healthy sluts are so boisterous, they split one's brains: I fancy myself in an inn while she talks to me; I must have some decayed person of quality about me; for the commons of England are the strangest creatures——huh, huh!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mrs. Sylvia, madam, is come to wait upon your ladyship.

L. Dain. Desire her to walk in; let the physic alone: I'll take a little of her company; she's mighty good for the spleen

Enter SYLVIA.

Syl. Dear Lady Dainty!

L. Dain. My good creature, I'm overjoyed to see you——huh, huh!

Syl. I am sorry to see your ladyship wrapt up thus; I was in hopes to have had your company to the Indian house.

L. Dain, If any thing could tempt me abroad, 'twould be that place, and such agreeable company; but how came you, my dear Sylvia, to be reconciled to any thing in an Indian house? you used to have a most barbarous inclination for our own odious manufactures.

Syl. Nay, madam, I am only going to recruit my tea-table: as to the rest of their trumpery, I am as much out of humour with it as ever.

L. Dain. Well, thou art a pleasant creature, thy distaste is so diverting.

Syl. And your ladyship is so expensive that really I am not able to come into it.

L. Dain. Now it is to me prodigious! how some women can muddle away their money upon housewifery, children, books, and charities, when there are so many well-bred ways, and foreign curiosities, that more elegantly require it—I have every morning the rarities of all countries brought to me, and am in love with every new thing I see.—Are the people come yet, Situp?

Sit. They have been below, madam, this half hour.

L. Dain. Dispose them in the parlour, and we'll be there presently. [*Exit* Sit.

Syl. How can your ladyship take such pleasure in being cheated with the baubles of other countries?

L. Dain. Thou art a very infidel to all finery.

Syl. And you are a very bigot—

L. Dain. A person of all reason, and no complaisance.

Syl. And your ladyship all complaisance, and no reason.

L. Dain. Follow me, and be converted. [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter SITUP, *a Woman with China Ware; an Indian Man with Screens, Tea, &c. a Birdman with a Paroquet, Monkey, &c.*

Sit. Come, come, into this room.

Chi. I hope your ladyship's lady won't be long in coming.

Sit. I don't care if she never comes to you.——It seems you trade with the ladies for old clothes, and give them china for their gowns and petticoats; I'm like to have a fine time on't with such creatures as you indeed!

Chi. Alas, madam, I'm but a poor woman, and am forced

to do any thing to live: will your ladyship be pleased to accept of a piece of china?

Sit. Puh! no;—I don't care.—Though I must needs say you look like an honest woman. [*Looking on it.*

Chi. Thank you, good madam.

Sit. Our places are like to come to a fine pass indeed, if our ladies must buy their china with our perquisites: at this rate, my lady sha'n't have an old fan, or a glove; but——

Chi. Pray, madam, take it.

Sit. No, not I; I won't have it, especially without a saucer to it. Here, take it again.

Chi. Indeed you shall accept of it.

Sit. Not I, truly—come, give it me, give it me;—here's my lady.

Enter Lady DAINTY, *and* SYLVIA.

L. Dain. Well, my dear, is not this a pretty sight now?

Syl. It's better than so many doctors and apothecaries, indeed.

L. Dain. All trades must live, you know; and those no more than these could subsist, if the world were all wise, or healthy.

Syl. I am afraid our real diseases are but few to our imaginary, and doctors get more by the sound than the sickly.

L. Dain. My dear, you're allowed to say any thing—but now I must talk with the people.——Have you got any thing new there?

Chi. Ind. and Bird. Yes, an't please your ladyship.

L. Dain. One at once.———

Bird. I have brought your ladyship the finest monkey——

Syl. What a filthy thing it is!

L. Dain. Now I think he looks very humorous and agreeable——I vow, in a white perriwig he might do mischief.

Could he but talk and take snuff, there's ne'er a fop in town would go beyond him.

Syl. Most fops would go farther if they did not speak; but talking, indeed, very often makes them worse company than monkies.

L. Dain. Thou pretty little picture of man!——How very Indian he looks!——I could kiss the dear creature!

Syl. Ah, don't touch him! he'll bite!

Bird. No, madam, he is the tamest you ever saw, and the least mischievous.

L. Dain. Then take him away, I won't have him; for mischief is the wit of a monkey; and I would not give a farthing for one that would not break me three or four pounds worth of china in a morning. Oh, I am in love with these Indian figures!—Do but observe what an innocent natural simplicity there is in all the actions of them.

Chi. These are Pagods, madam, that the Indians worship.

L. Dain. So far I am an Indian.

Syl. Now to me they are all monsters.

L. Dain. Profane creature!

Chi. Is your ladyship for a piece of right Flanders lace?

L. Dain. Um—no; I don't care for it, now it is not prohibited.

Ind. Will your ladyship be pleased to have a pound of fine tea?

L. Dain. What, filthy odious bohea, I suppose?

Ind. No, madam; right Kappakawawa.

L. Dain. Well, there's something in the very sound of that name, that makes it irresistible.—What is it a pound?

Ind. But six guineas, madam.

L. Dain. How infinitely cheap! I'll buy it all——Situp, take the man in and pay him, and let the rest call again to-morrow.

Om. Bless your ladyship. [*Exeunt* Sit. *Chi. Ind. and Bird.*

L. Dain. Lord, how feverish I am!—the least motion does so disorder me—do but feel me.

Syl. No, really, I think you are in very good temper.

L. Dain. Burning, indeed, child.

Enter Servant, Doctor, and Apothecary.

Serv. Madam, here comes Doctor Bolus, and the apothecary. [*Exit.*

L. Dain. Oh, doctor, I'm glad you're come; one is not sure of a moment's life without you.

Dr. How did your ladyship rest, madam? [*Feels her pulse.*

L. Dain. Never worse, indeed, doctor: I once fell into a little slumber, indeed, but then was disturbed by the most odious, frightful dream, that if the fright had not wakened me, I had certainly perished in my sleep with the apprehension.

Dr. A certain sign of a disordered brain, madam; but I'll order something that shall compose your ladyship.

L. Dain. Mr. Rhubarb, I must quarrel with you——you don't disguise your medicines enough; they taste all physic.

Rhu. To alter it more might offend the operation, madam.

L. Dain. I don't care what is offended, so my taste is not.

Dr. Hark you, Mr. Rhubarb, withdraw the medicine, rather than to make it pleasant: I'll find a reason for the want of its operation.

Rhu. But, sir, if we don't look about us, she'll grow well upon our hands.

Dr. Never fear that; she's too much a woman of quality to dare to be well without her doctor's opinion.

Rhu. Sir, we have drained the whole catalogue of diseases already; there's not another left to put in her head.

Dr. Then I'll make her go them over again.

Enter CARELESS.

Care. So, here's the old levee, doctor and apothecary in close consultation! Now will I demolish the quack and his medicines before her face.——Mr. Rhubarb, your servant. Pray what have you got in your hand there?

Rhub. Only a julep and composing draught for my lady, sir.

Care. Have you so, sir? Pray let me see—I'll prescribe to-day. Doctor, you may go—the lady shall take no physic, at present, but me.

Dr. Sir——

Care. Nay, if you won't believe me—— [*Breaks the phials.*

L. Dain. Ah!—— [*Frighted, and leaning upon* Syl.

Dr. Come away, Mr. Rhubarb—he'll certainly put her out of order, and then she'll send for us again.

[*Exeunt Doct. and Apoth.*

Care. You see, madam, what pains I take to come into your favour.

L. Dain. You take a very preposterons way, I can tell you, sir.

Care. I cann't tell how I succeed, but I am sure I endeavour right; for I study every morning new impertinence to entertain you: for since I find nothing but dogs, doctors, and monkies, are your favourites, it is very hard if your ladyship won't admit me as one of the number.

L. Dain. When I find you of an equal merit with my monkey, you shall be in the same state of favour. I confess, as a proof of your wit, you have done me as much mischief here. But you have not half pug's judgment, nor his spirit; for the creature will do a world of pleasant things, without caring whether one likes them or not.

Care. Why, truly, madam, the little gentleman, my rival, I believe, is much in the right on't: and, if you observe, I have taken as much pains of late to disoblige, as to please you.

L. Dain. You succeed better in one than t'other, I can tell you, sir.

Care. I am glad on't; for if you had not me now and then to plague you, what would you do for a pretence to be chagrined, to faint, have the spleen, the vapours, and all those modish disorders that so nicely distinguish a woman of quality? 251

L. Dain. I am perfectly confounded:—Certainly there are some people too impudent for our resentment.

Care. Modesty's a starving virtue, madam, an old threadbare fashion of the last age, and would sit as oddly upon a lover now, as a picked beard and mustachios.

L. Dain. Most astonishing!

Care. I have tried sighing and looking silly a great while, but 'twould not do—nay, had you had as little wit as goodnature, should have proceeded to dance and sing. Tell me but how, what face or form can worship you, and behold your votary. 262

L. Dain. Not, sir, as the Persians do the sun, with your face towards me. The best proof you can give me of your horrid devotion, is never to see me more. Come, my dear.

Syl. I'm amazed so much assurance should not succeed.

[*Exeunt* L. Dain. *and* Syl.

Care. All this sha'n't make me out of love with my virtue. Impudence has ever been a successful quality, and 'twould be hard, indeed, if I should be the first that did not thrive by it. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

CLERIMONT's *Lodgings. Enter* ATALL, *and* FINDER, *his man.*

At. You are sure you know the house again? 271

Fin. Ah, as well as I do the upper gallery, sir!—'Tis Sir Solomon Sadlife's, at the two glass lanthorns, within three doors of my Lord Duke's.

At. Very well, sir—then take this letter, inquire for my Lady Sadlife's woman, and stay for an answer.

Fin. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

At. Well, I find 'tis as ridiculous to propose pleasure in love without variety of mistresses, as to pretend to be a keen sportsman without a good stable of horses. How this lady may prove I cannot tell; but if she is not a deedy tit at the bottom, I'm no jockey. 283

Re-enter FINDER.

Fin. Sir, here are two letters for you.

At. Who brought them?

Fin. A couple of footmen, and they both desire an answer.

At. Bid them stay, and do you make haste where I ordered you.

Fin. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

At. To Colonel Standfast—that's Clarinda's hand——To Mr. Freeman—that must be my Incognita.——Ah, I have most mind to open this first;—but if t'other malicious creature should have perverted her growing inclination to me, 'twould put my whole frame in a trembling——Hold, I'll guess my fate by degrees—this may give me a glimpse of it. [*Reads* Clarinda's *letter.*]——Um—um—um——Ha! To meet her at my Lady Sadlife's at seven o'clock to-night, and

take no manner of notice of my late disowning myself to her—Something's at the bottom of all this.——Now to solve the riddle. [*Reads the other letter.*] 'My cousin Clarinda has told some things of you that very much alarm me; but I am willing to suspend my belief of them till I see you, which I desire may be at my Lady Sadlife's at seven this evening.' ——The devil! the same place!——'As you value the real friendship of your

'INCOGNITA.'

So, now the riddle's out—the rival queens are fairly come to a reference, and one or both of them I must lose, that's positive.——Hard! 309

Enter CLERIMONT.

Hard fortune!——Now, poor Impudence, what will become of thee?——Oh, Clerimont, such a complication of adventures since I saw thee! such sweet hopes, fears, and unaccountable difficulties, sure never poor dog was surrounded with.

Cler. Oh, you are an industrious person! you'll get over them. But, pray, let's hear.

At. To begin, then, in the climax of my misfortunes:—— In the first place, the private lodgings that my Incognita appointed to receive me in, prove to be the very individual habitation of my other mistress, whom (to complete the blunder of my ill-luck) she civilly introduced in person, to recommend me to her better acquaintance. 322

Cler. Ha, ha!——Death! how could you stand them both together?

At. The old way—buff—I stuck like a burr to my name of Freeman, addressed my Incognita before the other's face, and with a most unmoved good breeding, harmlessly faced her down I had never seen her in my life before.

Cler. The prettiest modesty I ever heard of! Well, but how did they discover you at last?

At. Why, faith, the matter's yet in suspense; and I find by both their letters, that they don't yet well know what to think: (but, to go on with my luck) you must know, they have since both appointed me, by several names, to meet them at one and the same place, at seven o'clock this evening.

Cler. Ah!

At. And, lastly, to crown my fortune (as if the devil himself most triumphantly rode a-straddle upon my ruin) the fatal place of their appointment happens to be the very house of a third lady, with whom I made an acquaintance since morning, and had just before sent word I would visit near the same hour this evening.

Cler. Oh, murder! Poor Atall, thou art really fallen under the last degree of compassion.

At. And yet, with a little of thy assistance, in the middle of their small shot, I don't still despair of holding my head above water.

Cler. Death! but you cannot meet them both; you must lose one of them, unless you can split yourself.

At. Pr'ythee, don't suspect my courage or my modesty; for I'm resolved to go on, if you will stand by me.

Cler. Faith, my very curiosity would make me do that. But what can I do?

At. You must appear for me, upon occasion, in person.

Cler. With all my heart. What else?

At. I shall want a queen's messenger in my interest, or rather one that can personate one.

Cler. That's easily found—But what to do?

At. Come along, and I'll tell you; for first I must answer their letters.

Cler. Thou art an original, faith. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Changes to Sir SOLOMON*'s House. Enter Sir* SOLOMON *leading Lady* SADLIFE, *and* WISHWELL, *her woman.*

Sir Sol. There, madam, let me have no more of these airings.—No good, I am sure, can keep a woman five or six hours abroad in a morning.

L. Sad. You deny me all the innocent freedoms of life.

Sir Sol. Ha! you have the modish cant of this end of the town, I see; intriguing, gaming, gadding, and party-quarries, with a pox to them, are innocent freedoms, forsooth!

L. Sad. I don't know what you mean; I'm sure I have not one acquaintance in the world that does an ill thing.

Sir Sol. They must be better looked after than your ladyship then; but I'll mend my hands as fast as I can. Do you look to your reputation henceforward, and I'll take care of your person.

L. Sad. You wrong my virtue with these unjust suspicions.

Sir Sol. Ay, it's no matter for that; better I wrong it than you. I'll secure my doors for this day at least. [*Exit.*

L. Sad. Oh, Wishwell! What shall I do?

Wish. What's the matter, madam?

L. Sad. I expect a letter from a gentleman every minute; and if it should fall into Sir Solomon's hands, I'm ruined past redemption.

Wish. He won't suspect it, madam, sure, if they are directed to me as they used to be.

L. Sad. But his jealousy's grown so violent of late, there's no trusting to it now. If he meets it, I shall be locked up for ever.

Wish. Oh, dear madam! I vow your ladyship frights me —Why, he'll kill me for keeping counsel.

L. Sad. Run to the window, quick, and watch the messenger. [*Exit* Wish.] Ah, there's my ruin near!—I feel it—[*A knocking at the door.*]——What shall I do? Be very insolent, or very humble, and cry?—I have known some women, upon these occasions, outstrut their husbands' jealousy, and make them ask pardon for finding them out. Oh, lud, here he comes!—I cannot do't; my courage fails me——I must e'en stick to my handkerchief, and trust to nature. 398

Re-enter Sir SOLOMON, *taking a Letter from* FINDER.

Sir Sol. Sir, I shall make bold to read this letter; and if you have a mind to save your bones, there's your way out.

Fin. Oh, terrible! I sha'n't have a whole one in my skin, when I come home to my master. [*Exit.*

L. Sad. [*Aside.*] I'm lost for ever!

Sir Sol. [*Reads.*] 'Pardon, most divine creature, the impatience of my heart,'—Very well! these are her innocent freedoms! A cockatrice!—'which languishes for an opportunity to convince you of its sincerity;'——Oh, the tender son of a whore!——'which nothing could relieve, but the sweet hope of seeing you this evening.'—Poor lady, whose virtue I have wronged with unjust suspicion! 410

L. Sad. I'm ready to sink with apprehension.

Sir Sol. [*Reads.*] 'To-night at seven, expect your dying Strephon.'—Die, and be damn'd; for I'll remove your comforter, by cutting her throat. I could find in my heart to ram his impudent letter into her windpipe——Ha! what's this!——'To Mrs. Wishwell, my lady Sadlife's woman.'—Ad, I'm glad of it with all my heart! What a happy thing it is to have one's jealousy disappointed!—Now have I been cursing my poor wife for the mistaken wickedness of that trollop. 'Tis well I kept my thoughts to myself: for

the virtue of a wife, when wrongfully accused, is most unmercifully insolent. Come, I'll do a great thing; I'll kiss her, and make her amends——What's the matter, my dear? Has any thing frighted you?

L. Sad. Nothing but your hard usage.

Sir Sol. Come, come, dry thy tears; it shall be so no more. But hark ye, I have made a discovery here——Your Wishwell, I'm afraid, is a slut; she has an intrigue.

L. Sad. An intrigue! Heavens, in our family!

Sir Sol. Read there—I wish she be honest.

L. Sad. How!——If there be the least ground to think it, Sir Solomon, positively she sha'n't stay a minute in the house——Impudent creature!——have an affair with a man!

Sir Sol. But hold, my dear; don't let your virtue censure too severely neither.

L. Sad. I shudder at the thoughts of her.

Sir Sol. Patience, I say—How do we know but his courtship may be honourable?

L. Sad. That, indeed, requires some pause.

Wish. [*Peeping in.*] So all's safe, I see——He thinks the letter's to me——Oh, good madam! that letter was to me, the fellow says. I wonder, sir, how you could serve one so! If my sweetheart should hear you had opened it, I know he would not have me, so he would not.

Sir Sol. Never fear that; for if he is in love with you, he's too much a fool to mind being laughed at.

L. Sad. If it be yours, here, take your stuff; and next time, bid him take better care, than to send his letter so publicly.

Wish. Yes, madam. But now your ladyship has read it, I'd fain beg the honour of Sir Solomon to answer it for me; for I cannot write.

L. Sad. Not write!

Sir Sol. Nay, he thinks she's above that, I suppose; for he calls her divine creature——A pretty piece of divinity, truly! ——But, come, my dear; 'egad we'll answer it for her. Here's paper——you shall do it.

L. Sad. I, Sir Solomon! Lard, I won't write to fellows, not I.——I hope he won't take me at my word. [*Aside.*

Sir Sol. Nay, you shall do it. Come, it will get her a good husband.

Wish. Ay, pray good madam, do.

Sir Sol. Ah, how eager the jade is!

L. Sad. I cannot tell how to write to any body but you, my dear.

Sir Sol. Well, well, I'll dictate then. Come, begin.

L. Sad. Lard, this is the oddest fancy!— [*Sits to write.*

Sir Sol. Come, come——Dear sir—(for we'll be as loving as he for his ears.)

Wish. No, pray madam, begin, Dear honey, or, My dearest angel.

L. Sad. Out, you fool! you must not be so fond—Dear sir, is very well. [*Writes.*

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, so 'tis; but these young fillies are for setting out at the top of their speed. But, pr'ythee, Wish-well, what is thy lover; for the stile of his letter may serve for a countess?

Wish. Sir, he's but a butler at present; but he's a good scholard, as you may see by his hand-writing; and in time may come to be a steward; and then we sha'n't be long without a coach, sir.

L. Sad. Dear sir——What must I write next?

Sir Sol. Why—— [*Musing.*

Wish. Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing.

Sir Sol. You puppy, he'll laugh at you.

Wish. I'm sure my mother used to begin all her letters so.

Sir Sol. And thou art every inch of thee her own daughter, that I'll say for thee.

L. Sad. Come, I have done it. [*Reads.*] 'Dear sir, She must have very little merit that is insensible of yours.'

Sir Sol. Very well, faith! Write all yourself.

Wish. Ay, good madam, do; that's better than mine. But, pray, dear madam, let it end with, So I rest your dearest loving friend, till death us do part.

L. Sad. [*Aside.*] This absurd slut will make me laugh out.

Sir Sol. But, hark you, hussy; suppose now you should be a little scornful and insolent to shew your breeding, and a little ill-natured in it to shew your wit.

Wish. Ay, sir, that is, if I designed him for my gallant; but since he is to be but my husband, I must be very good-natured and civil before I have him, and huff him, and shew my wit after.

Sir Sol. Here's a jade for you! [*Aside.*] But why must you huff your husband, hussy?

Wish. Oh, sir, that's to give him a good opinion of my virtue! for you know, sir, a husband cannot think one could be so very domineering, if one were not very honest.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud, this fool, on my conscience, speaks the sense of the whole sex! [*Aside.*

Wish. Then, sir, I have been told, that a husband loves one the better, the more one hectors him; as a spaniel does, the more one beats him.

Sir Sol. Ha! thy husband will have a blessed time on't.

L. Sad. So——I have done.

Wish. Oh, pray madam, read it!

L. Sad. [*Reads.*] 'Dear sir—She must have very little merit that is insensible of yours; and while you continue to love, and tell me so, expect whatever you can hope from

so much wit, and such unfeigned sincerity——At the hour you mention, you will be truly welcome to your passionate—'

Wish. Oh, madam, it is not half kind enough! Pray, put in some more dears.

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, sweeten it well; let it be all syrup, with a pox to her.

Wish. Every line should have a dear sweet sir in it, so it should——he'll think I don't love him else.

Sir Sol. Poor moppet!

L. Sad. No, no, 'tis better now—Well, what must be at the bottom, to answer Strephon?

Sir Sol. Pray, let her divine ladyship sign Abigail.

Wish. No, pray, madam, put down Lipsamintha.

Sir Sol. Lipsamintha!

L. Sad. No, come, I'll write Celia. Here, go in and seal it.

Sir Sol. Ay, come, I'll lend you a wafer, that he mayn't wait for your divinityship.

Wish. Pshaw! you always flout one so.

[*Exeunt Sir* Sol. *and* Wish.

L. Sad. So, this is luckily over——Well, I see, a woman should never be discouraged from coming off at the greatest plunge; for though I was half dead with the fright, yet, now I am a little recovered, I find——

That apprehension does the bliss endear;
The real danger's nothing to the fear. [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Sir SOLOMON'*s*. *Enter Lady* SADLIFE, ATALL, *and* WISHWELL, *with lights.*

Lady Sadlife.

THIS room, I think, is pleasanter; if you please, we'll sit here, sir——Wishwell, shut the door, and take the key o' th' inside, and set chairs.

Wish. Yes, madam.

L. Sad. Lard, sir, what a strange opinion you must have of me, for receiving your visits upon so slender an acquaintance.

At. I have a much stranger opinion, madam, of your ordering your servant to lock herself in with us.

L. Sad. Oh, you would not have us wait upon ourselves!

At. Really, madam, I cannot conceive that two lovers, alone, have much occasion for attendance. [*They sit.*

L. Sad. Lovers! Lard, how you talk! Cannot people converse without that stuff?

At. Um—Yes, madam, people may; but without a little of that stuff, conversation is generally very apt to be insipid.

L. Sad. Pooh! why, we can say any thing without her hearing, you see.

At. Ay; but if we should talk ourselves up to an occasion of being without her, it would look worse to send her out, than to have let her wait without when she was out.

L. Sad. You are pretty hard to please, I find, sir. Some men, I believe, would think themselves well used in so free a reception as yours.

At. Ha! I see this is like to come to nothing this time; so I'll e'en put her out of humour, that I may get off in time

to my incognita. [*Aside.*] Really, madam, I can never think myself free, where my hand and my tongue are tied

[*Pointing to* Wish.

L. Sad. Your conversation, I find, is very different from what it was, sir.

At. With submission, madam, I think it very proper for the place we are in. If you had sent for me only to sip tea, to sit still, and be civil, with my hat under my arm, like a strange relation from Ireland, or so, why was I brought hither with so much caution and privacy?

[*Sir* Solomon *knocks at the door.*

Wish. Oh, heavens, my master, madam!

Sir Sol. [*Within.*] Open the door there!

L. Sad. What shall we do?

At. Nothing now, I'm sure.

L. Sad. Open the door, and say the gentleman came to you.

Wish. Oh, lud, madam, I shall never be able to manage is at so short a warning!——We had better shut the gentleman into the closet, and say he came to nobody at all.

L. Sad. In, in then, for mercy's sake, quickly, sir!

At. So—this is like to be a very pretty business!—Oh, success and impudence, thou hast quite forsaken me!

[*Enters the closet.*

Wish. Do you step into your bed-chamber, madam, and leave my master to me. [*Exit L.* Sad.

Wishwell *opens the door, and Sir* Solomon *enters.*

Sir Sol. What's the reason, mistress, I am to be locked out of my wife's apartment?

Wish. My lady was washing her—her—neck, sir, and I could not come any sooner.

Sir Sol. I'm sure I heard a man's voice. [*Aside.*] Bid your

lady come hither. [*Exit* Wishwell.]——He must be hereabouts——'tis so; all's out, all's over now: the devil has done his worst, and I am a cuckold in spite of my wisdom. 'Sbud! now an Italian would poison his wife for this, a Spaniard would stab her, and a Turk would cut off her head with a scimitar; but a poor dog of an English cuckold now can only squabble and call names——Hold, here she comes ——I must smother my jealousy, that her guilt mayn't be upon its guard.

Enter Lady SADLIFE, *and* WISHWELL.

Sir Sol. My dear, how do you do? Come hither, and kiss me.

L. Sad. I did not expect you home so soon, my dear.

Sir Sol. Poor rogue!——I don't believe you did, with a pox to you. [*Aside.*] Wishwell, go down; I have business with your lady.

Wish. Yes, sir;—but I'll watch you! for I am afraid this good-humour has mischief at the bottom of it. [*Retires.*

L. Sad. I scarce know whether he's jealous or not.

Sir Sol. Now dare not I go near that closet door, lest the murderous dog should poke a hole in my guts through the key-hole.——Um——I have an old thought in my head—ay, and that will discover the whole bottom of her affair. 'Tis better to seem not to know one's dishonour, when one has not courage enough to revenge it.

L. Sad. I don't like his looks, methinks.

Sir Sol. Odso! what have I forgot now? Pr'ythee, my dear, step into my study; for I am so weary! and in the uppermost parcel of letters, you'll find one that I received from Yorkshire to-day, in the scrutoire; bring it down, and some paper; I will answer it while I think on't.

L. Sad. If you please to lend me your key—But had you not better write in your study, my dear?

Sir Sol. No, no; I tell you, I'm so tired, I am not able to walk. There, make haste.

L. Sad. Would all were well over! [*Exit.*

Sir Sol. 'Tis so, by her eagerness to be rid of me. Well, since I find I dare not behave myself like a man of honour in this business, I'll at least act like a person of prudence and penetration; for say, should I clap a brace of slugs now in the very bowels of this rascal, it may hang me; but if it does not, it cannot divorce me. No, I'll e'en put out the candles, and in a soft, gentle whore's voice, desire the gentleman to walk about his business; and if I can get him out before my wife returns, I'll fairly post myself in his room; and so, when she comes to set him at liberty, in the dark, I'll humour the cheat, till I draw her into some casual confession of the fact, and then this injured front shall bounce upon her like a thunderbolt. [*Puts out the candles.*

Wish. [*Behind.*] Say you so, sir? I'll take care my lady shall be provided for you. [*Exit.*

Sir Sol. Hist, hist, sir, sir!

Enter ATALL *from the Closet.*

At. Is all clear? May I venture, madam? 105

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, quick, quick! make haste before Sir Solomon returns. A strait-backed dog, I warrant him. [*Aside.*] But when shall I see you again?

At. Whenever you'll promise me to make a better use of an opportunity.

Sir Sol. Ha! then 'tis possible he mayn't yet have put the finishing stroke to me.

At. Is this the door?

Sir Sol. Ay, ay, away. [*Exit* Atall.] So—now the danger

of being murdered is over, I find my courage returns: and if I catch my wife but inclining to be no better than she should be, I'm not sure that blood won't be the consequence.

He goes into the Closet, and WISHWELL *enters.*

Wish. So—my lady has her cue; and if my wise master can give her no better proofs of his penetration than this, she'd be a greater fool than he if she should not do what she has a mind to. Sir, sir, come, you may come out now; Sir Solomon's gone.

Enter Sir SOLOMON *from the Closet.*

Sir Sol. So, now for a soft speech, to set her impudent blood in a ferment, and then let it out with my penknife.—[*Aside.*] Come, dear creature, now let's make the kindest use of our opportunity.

Wish. Not for the world. If Sir Solomon should come again, I should be ruined. Pray, begone—I'll send to you to-morrow.

Sir Sol. Nay, now you love me not; you would not let me part else thus unsatisfied.

Wish. Now you're unkind. You know I love you, or I should not run such hazards for you.

Sir Sol. Fond whore! [*Aside.*] But I'm afraid you love Sir Solomon, and lay up all your tenderness for him.

Wish. Oh, ridiculous! How can so sad a wretch give you the least uneasy thought? I loath the very sight of him.

Sir Sol. Damn'd, infernal strumpet! I can bear no longer ——Lights, lights, within there! [*Seizes her.*

Wish. Ah! [*Shrieks.*] Who's this? Help! murder!

Sir Sol. No, traitress, don't think to 'scape me; for, now I've trapped thee in thy guilt, I could find in my heart to have thee flead alive, thy skin stuffed, and hung up in the

middle of Guildhall, as a terrible consequence of cuckoldom, to the whole city——Lights there!

Enter Lady SADLIFE *with a light.*

L. Sad. Oh, Heavens! what's the matter?

[*Sir* Sol. *looks astonished.*

Ha! what do I see! My servant on the floor, and Sir Solomon offering rudeness to her!——Oh, I cann't bear it! Oh!

[*Falls into a chair.*

Sir Sol. What has the devil been doing here?

L. Sad. This the reward of all my virtue! Oh, revenge, revenge!

Sir Sol. My dear, my good, virtuous, injured dear, be patient; for here has been such wicked doings——

L. Sad. Oh, torture! Do you own it too? 'Tis well my love protects you. But for this wretch, this monster, this sword shall do me justice on her.

[*Runs at her with Sir* Solomon's *sword.*

Sir Sol. Oh, hold, my poor mistaken dear! This horrid jade, the gods can tell, is innocent for me; but she has had, it seems, a strong dog in the closet here; which I suspecting, put myself into his place, and had almost trapped her in the very impudence of her iniquity.

L. Sad. How! I'm glad to find he dares not own 'twas his jealousy of me—— [*Aside.*

Wish. [*Kneeling.*] Dear madam, I hope your ladyship will pardon the liberty I took in your absence, in bringing my lover into your ladyship's chamber; but I did not think you would come home from prayers so soon; and so I was forced to hide him in that closet: but my master suspecting the business, it seems, turned him out unknown to me, and then put himself there, and so had a mind to discover whether

there was any harm between us; and so, because he fancied I had been naught with him——— 172

Sir Sol. Ay, my dear, and the jade was so confoundedly fond of me, that I grew out of all patience, and fell upon her like a fury.

L. Sad. Horrid creature!——And does she think to stay a minute in the family after such impudence?

Sir Sol. Hold, my dear—for if this should be the man that is to marry her, you know there may be no harm done yet.

Wish. Yes, it was he indeed, madam. 180

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*] I must not let the jade be turned away, for fear she should put it in my wife's head that I hid myself to discover her ladyship, and then the devil would not be able to live in the house with her.

Wish. Now, sir, you know what I can tell of you.

[*Aside to Sir* Sol.

Sir Sol. Mum——that's a good girl;——there's a guinea for you.

L. Sad. Well, upon your intercession, my dear, I'll pardon her this fault. But, pray, mistress, let me hear of no more such doings. I am so disordered with this fright——Fetch my prayer-book; I'll endeavour to compose myself. 191

[*Exeunt L.* Sad. *and* Wish.

Sir Sol. Ay, do so; that's my good dear——What two blessed escapes have I had! to find myself no cuckold at last, and, which had been equally terrible, my wife not know I wrongfully suspected her!——Well, at length, I am fully convinced of her virtue—and now, if I can but cut off the abominable expence that attends some of her impertinent acquaintance, I shall shew myself a Machiavel.

Re-enter WISHWELL.

Wish. Sir, here's my Lady Dainty come to wait upon my lady. 200

Sir Sol. I am sorry for't, with all my heart—Why did you say she was within?

Wish. Sir, she did not ask if she was; but she's never denied to her.

Sir Sol. Gadso! why then, if you please to leave her ladyship to me, I'll begin with her now.

WISHWELL *brings in Lady* DAINTY.

L. Dain. Sir Solomon, your very humble servant.

Sir Sol. Yours, yours, madam.

L. Dain. Where's my lady?

Sir Sol. Where your ladyship very seldom is—at prayers.

Enter Lady SADLIFE.

L. Sad. My dear Lady Dainty!

L. Dain. Dear madam, I am the happiest person alive in finding your ladyship at home.

Sir Sol. So, now for a torrent of impertinence.

L. Sad. Your ladyship does me a great deal of honour.

L. Dain. I am sure I do myself a great deal of pleasure. I have made, at least, twenty visits to-day. Oh, I'm quite dead! not but my coach is very easy—yet so much perpetual motion, you know———

Sir Sol. Ah, pox of your disorder!—If I had the providing your equipage, odzooks, you should rumble to your visits in a wheel-barrow. [*Aside.*

L. Sad. Was you at my Lady Dutchess's?

L. Dain. A little while.

L. Sad. Had she a great circle?

L. Dain. Extreme——I was not able to bear the breath of so much company.

L. Sad. You did not dine there?

L. Dain. Oh, I cannot touch any body's dinner but my own! and I have almost killed myself this week, for want of

my usual glass of Tokay after my ortolans and Muscovy duck eggs.

Sir Sol. 'Sbud, if I had the feeding of you, I'd bring you, in a fortnight, to neck-beef, and a pot of plain bub. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. Then I have been so surfeited with the sight of a hideous entertainment to-day, at my Lady Cormorant's, who knows no other happiness, or way of making one welcome, than eating or drinking: for though she saw I was just fainting at her vast limbs of butcher's meat, yet the civil savage forced me to sit down, and heaped enough upon my plate to victual a fleet for an East-India voyage.

L. Sad. How could you bear it! Ha, ha!——Does your ladyship never go to the play?

L. Dain. Never, but when I bespeak it myself; and then not to mind the actors; for its common to love sights. My great diversion is, in reposed posture, to turn my eyes upon the galleries, and bless myself to hear the happy savages laugh; or when an aukward citizen crowds herself in among us, 'tis an unspeakable pleasure to contemplate her airs and dress: and they never 'scape me; for I am as apprehensive of such a creature's coming near me, as some people are when a cat is in the room.—But the play is begun, I believe; and if your ladyship has an inclination, I'll wait upon you.

L. Sad. I think, madam, we cannot do better; and here comes Mr. Careless most opportunely to 'squire us.

Sir Sol. Careless! I don't know him; but my wife does, and that's as well.

Enter CARELESS.

Care. Ladies, your servant. Seeing your coach at the door, madam, made me not able to resist this opportunity to —to—you know, madam, there's no time to be lost in love. Sir Solomon, your servant.

Sir Sol. Oh, yours, yours, sir!——A very impudent fellow; and I'm in hopes will marry her. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. The assurance of this creature almost grows diverting; all one can do, cannot make him the least sensible of a discouragement.

L. Sad. Try what compliance will do; perhaps that may fright him.

L. Dain. If it were not too dear a remedy——One would almost do any thing to get rid of his company.

Care. Which you never will, madam, till you marry me, depend upon it. Do that, and I'll trouble you no more.

Sir Sol. This fellow's abominable! He'll certainly have her. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. There's no depending upon your word, or else I might; for the last time I saw you, you told me then, you would trouble me no more.

Care. Ay, that's true, madam; but to keep one's word, you know, looks like a tradesman.

Sir Sol. Impudent rogue! but he'll have her. [*Aside.*

Care. And is as much below a gentleman as paying one's debts.

Sir Sol. If he is not hanged first. [*Aside.*

Care. Besides, madam, I considered that my absence might endanger your constitution, which is so very tender, that nothing but love can save it; and so I would e'en advise you to throw away your juleps, your cordials, and slops, and take me all at once.

L. Dain. No, sir, bitter potions are not to be taken so suddenly.

Care. Oh, to choose, madam; for if you stand making of faces, and kicking against it, you'll but increase your aversion, and delay the cure. Come, come, you must be advised. [*Pressing her.*

L. Dain. What mean you, sir ?

Care. To banish all your ails, and be myself your universal medicine.

Sir Sol. Well said ! he'll have her. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. Impudent, robust man; I protest, did not I know his family, I should think his parents had not lived in chairs and coaches, but had used their limbs all their lives ! Huh ! huh ! but I begin to be persuaded health is a great blessing. [*Aside.*

Care. My limbs, madam, were conveyed to me before the use of chairs and coaches, and it might lessen the dignity of my ancestors, not to use them as they did.

L. Dain. Was ever such a rude understanding ? to value himself upon the barbarism of his forefathers.——Indeed I have heard of kings that were bred to the plough, and I fancy, you might descend from such a race; for you court as if you were behind one——Huh ! huh ! huh ! To treat a woman of quality like an Exchange wench, and express your passion with your arms :——unpolished man !

Care. I was willing, madam, to take from the vulgar the only desirable thing among them, and shew you—how they live so healthy——for they have no other remedy.

L. Dain. A very rough medicine ! huh ! huh !

Care. To those that never took it, it may seem so——

L. Dain. Abandoned ravisher ! Oh ! [*Struggling.*

Sir Sol. He has her; he has her. [*Aside.*

L. Dain. Leave the room, and see my face no more.

Care. [*Bows and is going.*]

L. Dain. And, hark ye, sir, no bribe, no mediations to my woman.

Car. [*Bows and sighs.*]

L. Dain. Thou profligate ! to hug ! to clasp ! to embrace and throw your robust arms about me, like a vulgar, and

indelicate——Oh, I faint with apprehension of so gross an address! [*She faints, and* Care. *catches her.*

Care. Oh, my offended fair!

L. Dain. Inhuman! ravisher! Oh! [Care. *carries her off.*

Sir Sol. He has her! she's undone! he has her!

[*Exeunt Sir* Sol. *and Lady* Sad.

Enter CLARINDA, *and* SYLVIA.

Clar. Well, cousin, what do you think of your gentleman now?

Syl. I fancy, madam, that would be as proper a question to ask you: for really I don't see any great reason to alter my opinion of him yet.

Clar. Now I could dash her at once, and shew it her under his own hand that his name's Standfast, and he'll be here in a quarter of an hour. [*Aside.*] I vow I don't think I ought to refuse you any service in my power; therefore if you think it worth your while not to be out of countenance when the colonel comes, I would advise you to withdraw now; for if you dare take his own word for it, he will be here in three minutes, as this may convince you. [*Gives a letter.*

Syl. What's here? a letter from Colonel Standfast?——Really, cousin, I have nothing to say to him.——Mr. Freeman's the person I'm concerned for, and I expect to see him here in a quarter of an hour.

Clar. Then you don't believe them both the same person?

Syl. Not by their hands or stile, I can assure you, as this may convince you. [*Gives a letter.*

Clar. Ha! the hand is different indeed.——I scarce know what to think,—and yet I'm sure my eyes were not deceived.

Syl. Come, cousin, let's be a little cooler; 'tis not impossible but we may have both laughed at one another to no purpose—for I am confident they are two persons.

Clar. I cannot tell that, but I'm sure here comes one of them.

Enter ATALL *as Colonel* STANDFAST.

Syl. Ha!

At. Hey! Bombard, (there they are, faith!) bid the chariot set up, and call again about one or two in the morning.—— You see, madam, what 'tis to give an impudent fellow the least encouragement: I'm resolved now to make a night on't with you.

Clar. I am afraid, colonel, we shall have much ado to be good company, for we are two women to one man, you see; and if we should both have fancy to have you particular, I I doubt you'd make but bungling work on't.

At. I warrant you we will pass our time like gods: two ladies and one man; the prettiest set for Ombre in the universe.—Come, come! Cards, cards, cards! and tea, that I insist upon.

Clar. Well, sir, if my cousin will make one, I won't baulk your good-humour. [*Turning* Syl. *to face him.*

At. Is the lady your relation, madam?—I beg the honour to be known to her.

Clar. Oh, sir, that I'm sure she cannot refuse you.—— Cousin, this is Colonel Standfast. [*Laughs aside.*] I hope now she's convinced.

At. Your pardon, madam, if I am a little particular in my desire to be known to any of this lady's relations. [*Salutes.*

Syl. You'll certainly deserve mine, sir, by being always particular to that lady.——

At. Oh, madam!—Tall, lall [*Turns away and sings.*

Syl. This assurance is beyond example. [*Aside.*

Clar. How do you do, cousin?

Syl. Beyond bearing—but not incurable. [*Aside.*

Clar. [*Aside.*] Now cannot I find in my heart to give him one angry word for his impudence to me this morning; the pleasure of seeing my rival mortified makes me strangely good-natured.

At. [*Turning familiarly to* Clar.] Upon my soul you are provokingly handsome to-day. Ay, Gad! why is not it high treason for any beautiful woman to marry?

Clar. What, would you have us lead apes?

At. Not one of you, by all that's lovely!——Do you think we could not find you better employment?——Death! what a hand is here!——Gad, I shall grow foolish!

Clar. Stick to your assurance, and you are in no danger.

At. Why then, in obedience to your commands, pr'ythee answer me sincerely one question: How long do you really design to make me dangle thus?

Clar. Why, really I cannot just set you a time; but when you are weary of your service, come to me with a six-pence and modesty, and I'll give you a discharge.

At. Thou insolent, provoking, handsome tyrant!

Clar. Come, let me go——this is not a very civil way of entertaining my cousin, methinks.

At. I beg her pardon, indeed. [*Bowing to* Syl.] But lovers, you know, madam, may plead a sort of excuse for being singular, when the favourite fair's in company.——But we were talking of cards, ladies.

Clar. Cousin, what say you?

Syl. I had rather you would excuse me; I am a little unfit for play at this time.

At. What a valuable virtue is assurance!——Now am I as intrepid as a lawyer at the bar. [*Aside.*

Clar. Bless me! you are not well!

Syl. I shall be presently.——Pray, sir, give me leave to ask you a question.

At. So, now it's coming! [*Aside.*] Freely, madam.

Syl. Look on me well:—have you never seen my face before?

At. Upon my word, madam, I cannot recollect that I have.

Syl. I am satisfied.

At. But pray, madam, why may you ask?

Syl. I am too much disordered now to tell you——But if I am not deceived, I'm miserable. [*Weeps.*

At. This is strange.——How her concern transports me!

Clar. Her fears have touched me, and half persuade me to revenge them.——Come, cousin, be easy: I see you are convinced he is the same, and now I will prove myself a friend.

Syl. I know not what to think—my senses are confounded: their features are indeed the same; and yet there's something in their air, their dress, and manner, strangely different: but be it as it will, all right to him in presence I disclaim, and yield to you for ever.

"*At.* Oh, charming, joyful grief. [*Aside.*"

Clar. No, cousin, believe it, both our senses cannot be deceived; he's individually the same: and since he dares be base to you, he's miserable indeed, if flattered with a distant hope of me: I know his person and his falsehood both too well; and you shall see I will, as becomes your friend, resent it.

At. What means this strangeness, madam?

Clar. I'll tell you, sir; and to use few words, know then, this lady and myself have borne your faithless insolence and artifice too long: but that you may not think to impose on me, at least, I desire you would leave the house, and from this moment never see me more.

At. Madam! What! what is all this?——

Riddle me riddle me re,
For the devil take me
For ever from thee,
If I can divine what this riddle can be.

Syl. Not moved! I'm more amazed.

At. Pray, madam, in the name of common sense, let me know in two words what the real meaning of your last terrible speech was; and if I don't make you a plain, honest, reasonable answer to it, be pleased the next minute to blot my name out of your table-book, never more to be enrolled in the senseless catalogue of those vain coxcombs, that impudently hope to come into your favour.

Clar. This insolence grows tedious: what end can you propose by this assurance?

At. Hey-day!

Syl. Hold, cousin——one moment's patience: I'll send this minute again to Mr. Freeman, and if he does not immediately appear, the dispute will need no farther argument.

At. Mr. Freeman! Who the devil's he? What have I to do with him?

Syl. I'll soon inform you, sir.

[*Going, meets* Wishwell *entering.*

Wish. Madam, here's a footman mightily out of breath, says he belongs to Mr. Freeman, and desires very earnestly to speak with you.

Syl. Mr. Freeman! Pray bid him come in.——What can this mean?

At. You'll see presently. [*Aside.*

Re-enter WISHWELL *with* FINDER.

Clar. Ha!

Syl. Come hither, friend: do you belong to Mr. Freeman?

Fin. Yes, madam, and my poor master gives his humble service to your ladyship, and begs your pardon for not waiting on you according to his promise; which he would certainly have done but for an unfortunate accident.

Syl. What's the matter?

Fin. As he was coming out of his lodgings to pay his duty to you, madam, a parcel of fellows set upon him, and said they had a warrant against him; and so, because the rascals began to be saucy with him, and my master knowing that he did not owe a shilling in the world, he drew to defend himself, and in the scuffle the bloody villains run one of their swords quite through his arm; but the best of the jest was, madam, that as soon as they got him into a house, and sent for a surgeon, he proved to be the wrong person; for their warrant, it seems, was against a poor scoundrel, that happens, they say, to be very like him, one Colonel Standfast.

At. Say you so, Mr. Dog——if your master had been here I would have given him as much

[*Gives him a box on the ear.*

Fin. Oh, Lord! pray, madam, save me—I did not speak a word to the gentleman—Oh, the devil! this must be the devil in the likeness of my master.

Syl. Is this gentleman so very like him, say you?

Fin. Like, madam! ay, as one box of the ear is like to another; only I think, madam, my master's nose is a little, little higher.

At. Now, ladies, I presume the riddle's solved——Hark you, where is your master, rascal?

Fin. Master, rascal! Sir, my master's name's Freeman, and I'm a free-born Englishman; and I must tell you, sir, that I don't use to take such arbitrary socks of the face

from any man that does not pay me wages; and so my master will tell you too when he comes, sir.

Syl. Will he be here, then?

Fin. This minute, madam, he only stays to have his wound dressed.

At. I'm resolved I'll stay that minute out, if he does not come till midnight.

Fin. A pox of this mettle—when his hand's in he makes no difference between jest and earnest, I find—If he does not pay me well for this, 'egad he shall tell the next for himself. [*Aside.*] Has your ladyship any commands to my master, madam?

Syl. Yes; pray give him my humble service, say I'm sorry for his misfortune; and if he thinks 'twill do his wound no harm, I beg, by all means, he may be brought hither immediately.

Fin. 'Shah! his wound, madam, I know he does not value it of a rush; for he'll have the devil and all of actions against the rogues for false imprisonment, and smart-money—Ladies, I kiss your hands—Sir, I—nothing at all— [*Exit.*

At. [*Aside.*] The dog has done it rarely; for a lie upon the stretch I do not know a better rascal in Europe.

Enter an Officer.

Off. Ay! now I'm sure I'm right——Is not your name Colonel Standfast, sir?

At. Yes, sir; what then?

Off. Then you are my prisoner, sir———

At. Your prisoner! who the devil are you? a bailiff? I don't owe a shilling.

Off. I don't care if you don't, sir; I have a warrant

against you for high treason, and I must have you away this minute.

At. Look you, sir, depend upon't, this is but some impertinent malicious prosecution: you may venture to stay a quarter of an hour, I'm sure; I have some business here till then, that concerns me nearer than my life.

Clar. Have but so much patience, and I'll satisfy you for your civility.

Off. I could not stay a quarter of an hour, madam, if you'd give me five hundred pounds.

Syl. Cannot you take bail, sir?

Off. Bail! no, no.

Clar. Whither must he be carried?

Off. To my house, till he's examined before the council.

Clar. Where is your house?

Off. Just by the secretary's office; every body knows Mr. Lockum the messenger—Come, sir.

At. I cannot stir yet, indeed, sir.

[*Lays his hand on his sword.*

Off. Nay, look you, if you are for that play—Come in, gentlemen, away with him.

Enter Musqueteers and force him off.

Syl. This is the strangest accident: I am extremely sorry for the colonel's misfortune, but I am heartily glad he is not Mr. Freeman.

Clar. I'm afraid you'll find him so—I shall never change my opinion of him till I see them face to face.

Syl. Well, cousin, let them be two or one, I'm resolved to stick to Mr. Freeman; for, to tell you the truth, this last spark has too much of the confident rake in him to please me; but there is a modest sincerity in t'other's conversation that's irresistible.

Clar. For my part I'm almost tired with his impertinence either way, and could find in my heart to trouble myself no more about him; and yet methinks it provokes me to have a fellow outface my senses. 672

Syl. Nay, they are strangely alike, I own; but yet, if you observe nicely, Mr. Freeman's features are more pale and pensive than the colonel's.

Clar. When Mr. Freeman comes, I'll be closer in my observation of him—in the mean time let me consider what I really propose by all this rout I make about him: suppose (which I can never believe) they should prove two several men at last, I do not find that I'm fool enough to think of marrying either of them; nor (whatever airs I give myself) am I yet mad enough to do worse with them——Well, since I do not design to come to a close engagement myself, then why should I not generously stand out of the way, and make room for one that would? No, I cannot do that neither—I want, methinks, to convict him first of being one and the same person, and then to have him convince my cousin that he likes me better than her—Ay, that would do! and to confess my infirmity, I still find (though I do not care for this fellow) while she has assurance to nourish the least hope of getting him from me, I shall never be heartily easy till she's heartily mortified. [*Aside.*

Syl. You seem very much concerned for the colonel's misfortune, cousin. 694

Clar. His misfortunes seldom hold him long, as you may see; for here he comes.

Enter ATALL, *as Mr.* FREEMAN.

Syl. Bless me!

At. I am sorry, madam, I could not be more punctual to your obliging commands; but the accident that prevented

my coming sooner, will, I hope, now give me a pretence to a better welcome than my last; for now, madam, [*To* Clar.] your mistake's set right, I presume, and, I hope, you won't expect Mr. Freeman to answer for all the miscarriages of Colonel Standfast.

Clar. Not in the least, sir: the colonel's able to answer for himself, I find! ha, ha!

At. Was not my servant with you, madam? [*To* Syl.

Syl. Yes, yes, sir, he has told us all. [*Aside.*] And I am sorry you have paid so dear for a proof of your innocence. Come, come, I'd advise you to set your heart at rest; for what I design, you'll find, I shall come to a speedy resolution in.

At. Oh, generous resolution!

Clar. Well, madam, since you are so tenacious of your conquest, I hope you'll give me the same liberty: and not expect, the next time you fall a crying at the colonel's gallantry to me, that my good-nature should give you up my pretensions to him. And for you, sir, I shall only tell you, this last plot was not so closely laid, but that a woman of a very slender capacity, you'll find, has wit enough to discover it. [*Exit.*

At. So! she's gone to the messenger's I suppose—but, poor soul, her intelligence there will be extremely small. [*Aside.*] Well, madam, I hope at last your scruples are over.

Syl. You cannot blame me, sir, if, now we are alone, I own myself a little more surprised at her positiveness, than my woman's pride would let me confess before her face; and yet methinks there's a native honesty in your look, that tells me I am not mistaken, and may trust you with my heart.

At. Oh, for pity still preserve that tender thought, and save me from despair.

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. Ha! Freeman again! Is it possible? 733

At. How now, Clerimont, what are you surprised at?

Cler. Why to see thee almost in two places at one time; 'tis but this minute, I met the very image of thee with the mob about a coach, in the hands of a messenger, whom I had the curiosity to stop and call to and had no other proof of his not being thee, but that the spark would not know me!

Syl. Strange! I almost think I'm really not deceived.

Cler. 'Twas certainly Clarinda I saw go out in a chair just now—it must be she—the circumstances are too strong for a mistake. [*Aside.*

Syl. Well, sir, to ease you of your fears, now I dare own to you, that mine are over. [*To* At.

Cler. What a coxcomb have I made myself, to serve my rival, even with my own mistress? But 'tis at least some ease to know him: all I have to hope is, that he does not know the ass he has made of me—that might indeed be fatal to him. [*Aside.*

Enter SYLVIA's *Maid.*

Maid. Oh, madam, I'm glad I've found you: your father and I have been hunting you all the town over. 752

Syl. My father in town!

Maid. He waits below in the coach for you: he must needs have you come away this minute; and talks of having you married this very night to the fine gentleman he spoke to you of.

Syl. What do I hear?

At. If ever soft compassion touched your soul, give me a word of comfort in this last distress, to save me from the horrors that surround me. 761

Syl. You see we are observed——but yet depend upon my faith as on my life.——In the mean time, I'll use my utmost power to avoid my father's hasty will: in two hours you shall know my fortune and my family—Now, don't follow me, as you'd preserve my friendship. Come—— [*Exit with Maid.*

At. Death! how this news alarms me! I never felt the pains of love before.

Cler. Now then to ease, or to revenge my fears—This sudden change of your countenance, Mr. Atall, looks as if you had a mind to banter your friend into a belief of your being really in love with the lady that just now left you.

At. Faith, Clerimout, I have too much concern upon me at this time, to be capable of a banter.

Cler. Ha! he seems really touched, and I begin now only to fear Clarinda's conduct.——Well, sir, if it be so, I'm glad to see a convert of you; and now, in return to the little services I have done you, in helping you to carry on your affair with both these ladies at one time, give me leave to ask a favour of you—Be still sincere, and we may still be friends.

At. You surprise me—but use me as you find me.

Cler. Have you no acquaintance with a certain lady whom you have lately heard me own I was unfortunately in love with?

At. Not that I know of, I'm sure not as the lady you are in love with; but, pray, why do you ask?

Cler. Come, I'll be sincere with you too: because I have strong circumstances that convince me 'tis one of those two you have been so busy about.

At. Not she you saw with me, I hope?

Cler. No; I mean the other——But to clear the doubt at once, is her name Clarinda?

At. I own it is: but had I the least been warned of your pretences——

Cler. Sir, I dare believe you; and though you may have prevailed even against her honour, your ignorance of my passion for her makes you stand at least excused to me.

At. No; by all the solemn protestations tongue can utter, her honour is untainted yet for me; nay, even unattempted: "nor had I ever an opportunity, that could encourage the "most distant thought against it." 801

Cler. You own she has received your gallantries at least.

At. Faith, not to be vain, she has indeed taken some pains to pique her cousin about me: and if her beautiful cousin had not fallen in my way at the same time, I must own, 'tis very possible I might have endeavoured to push my fortune with her; but since I now know your heart, put my friendship to a trial.

Cler. Only this—If I should be reduced to ask it of you, promise to confess your imposture, and your passion to her cousin, before her face. 811

At. There's my hand,—I'll do't, to right my friend and mistress. But, dear Clerimont, you'll pardon me if I leave you here; for my poor incognita's affairs at this time are in a very critical condition.

Cler. No ceremony—I release you.

At. Adieu. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter CLERIMONT *and* CARELESS.

Clerimont.

AND so you took the opportunity of her fainting to carry her off. Pray, how long did her fit last?

Care. Why, faith, I so humoured her affectation, that 'tis

hardly over yet; for I told her, her life was in danger, and swore, if she would not let me send for a parson to marry her before she died, I'd that minute send for a shroud, and be buried alive with her in the same coffin: but at the apprehension of so terrible a thought, she pretended to be frightened into her right senses again; and forbid me her sight for ever.——So that, in short, my impudence is almost exhausted, her affectation is as unsurmountable as another's real virtue, and I must e'en catch her that way, or die without her at last.

Cler. How do you mean?

Care. Why, if I find I cannot impose upon her by humility, which I'll try, I'll even turn rival to myself in a very fantastical figure, that I'm sure she won't be able to resist. You must know, she has of late been flattered that the Muscovite Prince Alexander is dying for her, though he never spoke to her in his life.

Cler. I understand you: so you'd first venture to pique her against you, and then let her marry you in another person, to be revenged of you.

Care. One of the two ways I am pretty sure to succeed.

Cler. Extravagant enough! Pr'ythee, is Sir Solomon in the next room?

Care. What, you want his assistance! Clarinda's in her airs again.

Cler. Faith, Careless, I am almost ashamed to tell you, but I must needs speak with him.

Care. Come along then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady DAINTY, *Lady* SADLIFE, *and* CARELESS.

L. Dain. This rude, boisterous man, has given me a thousand disorders; the cholic, the spleen, the palpitation of the heart, and convulsions all over——Huh! huh!——I must send for the doctor.

L. Sad. Come, come, madam, e'en pardon him, and let him be your physician——do but observe his penitence, so humble he dares not speak to you.

Care. [*Folds his arms and sighs.*] Oh!

L. Sad. How can you hear him sigh so?

L. Dain. Nay, let him groan——for nothing but his pangs can ease me.

Care. [*Kneels and presents her his drawn sword; opening his breast.*] Be then at once most barbarously just, and take your vengeance here.

L. Dain. No, I give thee life to make thee miserable; live, that my resenting eyes may kill thee every hour.

Care. Nay, then there's no relief——but this——

[*Offering at his sword, Lady* Sadlife *holds him.*

L. Sad. Ah, for mercy's sake——Barbarous creature, how can you see him thus?

L. Dain. Why, I did not bid him kill himself: but do you really think he would have done it?

L. Sad. Certainly, if I had not prevented it.

L. Dain. Strange passion! But 'tis its nature to be violent, when one makes it despair.

L. Sad. Won't you speak to him?

L. Dain. No, but if your——is enough concerned to be his friend, you may tell him—not that it really is so——but you may say—you believe I pity him.

L. Sad. Sure love was never more ridiculous on both sides.

Enter WISHWELL.

Wish. Madam, here's a page from Prince Alexander desires to give a letter into your ladyship's own hands.

L. Dain. Prince Alexander! what means my heart? I come to him.

L. Sad. By no means, madam, pray let him come in.

Care. Ha! Prince Alexander! nay, then I have found out the secret of this coldness, madam.

Enter Page.

Page. Madam, his Royal Highness Prince Alexander, my master, has commanded me, on pain of death, thus [*Kneeling.*] to deliver this, the burning secret of his heart.

L. Dain. Where is the Prince?

Page. Reposed in private on a morning pallet, 'till your commands vouchsafe to raise him.

L. Sad. By all means, receive him here immediately. I have the honour to be a little known to his highness.

L. Dain. The favour, madam, is too great to be resisted: pray tell his highness then, the honour of the visit he designs me, makes me thankful and impatient! huh!

[*Exit Page.*

Care. Are my sufferings, madam, so soon forgot then! Was I but flattered with the hope of pity!

L. Dain. The happy have whole days, and those they choose. [*Resenting.*] The unhappy have but hours, and those they lose. [*Exit repeating.*

L. Sad. Don't you lose a minute then.

Care. I'll warrant you—ten thousand thanks, dear madam, I'll be transformed in a second——— [*Exeunt severally.*

Enter CLARINDA *in a man's habit.*

Clar. So! I'm in for it now! how I shall come off I cann't tell: 'twas but a bare saving game I made with Clerimont; his resentment had brought my pride to its last legs, dissembling; and if the poor man had not loved me too well, I had made but a dismal humble figure——I have used him ill, that's certain, and he may e'en thank himself for't——he would be sincere——Well, (begging my sex's pardon) we do

make the silliest tyrants—we had better be reasonable; for (to do them right) we don't run half the hazard in obeying the good sense of a lover; at least, I'm reduced now to make the experiment——Here they come.

Enter Sir SOLOMON *and* CLERIMONT.

Sir Sol. What have we here! another captain? If I were sure he were a coward now, I'd kick him before he speaks—Is your business with me, sir?

Clar. If your name be Sir Solomon Sadlife.

Sir Sol. Yes, sir, it is; and I'll maintain it as ancient as any, and related to most of the families in England.

Clar. My business will convince you, sir, that I think well of it.

Sir Sol. And what is your business, sir?

Clar. Why, sir——You have a pretty kinswoman, called Clarinda.

Cler. Ha!

Sir Sol. And what then, sir?——Such a rogue as t'other. [*Aside.*

Clar. Now, sir, I have seen her, and am in love with her.

Cler. Say you so, sir?——I may chance to cure you of it. [*Aside.*

Clar. And to back my pretensions, sir, I have a good fifteen hundred pounds a year estate, and am, as you see, a pretty fellow into the bargain.

Sir Sol. She that marries you, sir, will have a choice bargain indeed.

Clar. In short, sir, I'll give you a thousand guineas to make up the match.

Sir Sol. Hum—[*Aside.*]——But, sir, my niece is provided for.

Cler. That's well. [*Aside.*

Sir Sol. But if she were not, sir, I must tell you, she is not to be caught with a smock-face and a feather, sir——And—and——let me see you an hour hence. [*Aside.*

Clar. Well said, uncle! [*Aside.*] But, sir, I'm in love with her, and positively will have her.

Sir Sol. Whether she likes you or no, sir?

Clar. Like me! ha, ha! I'd fain see a woman that dislikes a pretty fellow, with fifteen hundred pounds a year, a white wig, and black eye-brows.

Cler. Hark you, young gentleman, there must go more than all this to the gaining of that lady. [*Takes* Clar. *aside.*

Sir Sol. [*Aside.*] A thousand guineas—that's five hundred more than I proposed to get of Mr. Clerimont——But my honour is engaged—Ay, but then here's a thousand pounds to release it—Now, shall I take the money?—It must be so—Coin will carry it.

Clar. Oh, sir, if that be all, I'll soon remove your doubts and pretensions!——Come, sir, I'll try your courage.

Cler. I'm afraid you won't, young gentleman.

Clar. As young as I am, sir, you shall find I scorn to turn my back to any man. [*Exeunt* Clar. *and* Cler.

Sir Sol. Ha! they are gone to fight——with all my heart—a fair chance, at least, for a better bargain: for if the young spark should let the air into my friend Clerimont's midriff, now, it may possibly cool his love too, and then there's my honour safe, and a thousand guineas snug. [*Exit.*

" *Enter Lady* DAINTY, *Lady* SADLIFE, *and* CARELESS *as Prince* ALEXANDER.

" *L. Dain.* Your highness, sir, has done me honour in this " visit.

" *Care.* Madam—— [*Salutes her.*

" *L. Dain.* A captivating person!

" *Care.* May the days be taken from my life, and added " to yours, most incomparable beauty, whiter than the snow " that lies throughout the year unmelted on our Russian " mountains!

" *L. Dain.* How manly his expressions are!——We are " extremely obliged to the Czar, for not taking your high- " ness home with him.

" *Care.* He left me, madam, to learn to be a ship-car- " penter.

" *L. Sad.* A very polite accomplishment!

" *L. Dain.* And in a prince entirely new.

" *Care.* All his nobles, madam, are masters of some useful " science; and most of our arms are quartered with me- " chanical instruments, as hatches, hammers, pick-axes, and " hand-saws.

" *L. Dain.* I admire the manly manners of your court.

" *L. Sad.* Oh, so infinitely beyond the soft idleness of " ours!

" *L. Dain.* 'Tis the fashion, ladies, for the eastern princes " to profess some trade or other. The last Grand Signior " was a locksmith.

" *L. Dain.* How new his conversation is!

" *Care.* Too rude, I fear, madam, for so tender a compo- " sition as your divine ladyship's.

" *L. Dain.* Courtly to a softness too.

" *Care.* Were it possible, madam, that so much delicacy " could endure the martial roughness of our manners and " our country, I cannot boast; but if a province at your " feet could make you mine, that province and its master " should be yours.

" *L. Dain.* Ay, here's grandeur with address! An odious " native lover, now, would have complained of the taxes, per- " haps, and have haggled with one for a scanty jointure out

" of his horrid lead-mines, in some uninhabitable mountains,
" about an hundred and four-score miles from unheard-of
" London.

" *Care.* I am informed, madam, there is a certain poor,
" distracted English fellow, that refused to quit his saucy pre-
" tensions to your all-conquering beauty, though he had
" heard I had myself resolved to adore you.——Careless, I
" think they call him.

" *L. Dain.* Your highness wrongs your merit, to give
" yourself the least concern for one so much below you
" fear.

" *Care.* When I first heard of him, I on the instant or-
" dered one of my retinue to strike off his head with a sci-
" mitar! but they told me the free laws of England allowed
" of no such power: so that, though I am a prince of the
" blood, madam, I am obliged only to murder him pri-
" vately.

" *L. Dain.* 'Tis indeed a reproach to the ill-breeding of
" our constitution, not to admit your power with your per-
" son. But if the pain of my entire neglect can end him,
" pray be easy.

" *Care.* Madam, I'm not revengeful; make him but mi-
" serable, I'm satisfied.

" *L. Dain.* You may depend upon it.

" *Care.* I'm in strange favour with her. [*Aside.*]—Please
" you, ladies, to make your fragrant fingers familiar with
" this box.

" *L. Dain.* Sweet or plain, sir.

" *Care.* Right Mosco, madam, made of the sculls of con-
" quered enemies.

" *L. Sad.* Gunpowder, as I live. [*Exeunt.*"

SCENE II.

Changes to a Field. Enter CLARINDA *and* CLERIMONT.

Cler. Come, sir, we are far enough.

Clar. I only wish the lady were by, sir, that the conqueror might carry her off the spot——I warrant she'd be mine.

Cler. That, my talking hero, we shall soon determine.

Clar. Not that I think her handsome, or care a rush for her.

Cler. You are very mettled, sir, to fight for a woman you don't value.

Clar. Sir, I value the reputation of a gentleman; and I don't think any young fellow ought to pretend to it, till he has talked himself into a lampoon, lost his two or three thousand pounds, at play, kept his miss, and killed his man.

Cler. Very gallant, indeed, sir! but if you please to handle your sword, you'll soon go through your course.

Clar. Come on, sir——I believe I shall give your mistress a truer account of your heart than you have done. I have had her heart long enough, and now will have yours.

Cler. Ha! does she love you, then?

[*Endeavouring to draw.*

Clar. I leave you to judge that, sir. But I have lain with her a thousand times; in short, so long, till I'm tired of it.

Cler. Villain, thou liest! Draw, or I'll use you as you deserve, and stab you.

Clar. Take this with you first, Clarinda will never marry him that murders me.

Cler. She may the man that vindicates her honour—— therefore be quick, or I'll keep my word——I find your sword is not for doing things in haste.

Clar. It sticks to the scabbard so; I believe I did not wipe off the blood of the last man I fought with.

Cler. Come, sir, this trifling sha'n't serve your turn—Here, give me yours, and take mine.

Clar. With all my heart, sir.——Now, have at you.

[Cler. *draws, and finds only a hilt in his hand.*

Cler. Death! you villain, do you serve me so!

Clar. In love and war, sir, all advantages are fair: so we conquer, no matter whether by force or stratagem.——Come, quick, sir—your life or mistress.

Cler. Neither. Death! you shall have both or none! Here drive your sword; for only through this heart you reach Clarinda.

Clar. Death, sir, can you be mad enough to die for a woman that hates you?

Cler. If that were true, 'twere greater madness, then to live.

Clar. Why, to my knowledge, sir, she has used you basely, falsely, ill, and for no reason.

Cler. No matter; no usage can be worse than the contempt of poorly, tamely parting with her. She may abuse her heart by happy infidelities; but 'tis the pride of mine to be even miserably constant.

Clar. Generous passion! You almost tempt me to resign her to you.

Cler. You cannot if you would. I would indeed have won her fairly from you with my sword; but scorn to take her as your gift. Be quick and end your insolence.

Clar. Yes, thus——Most generous Clerimont, you now, indeed, have fairly vanquished me! [*Runs to him.*] My woman's follies and my shame be buried ever here.

Cler. Ha, Clarinda! Is it possible? My wonder rises with my joy!—How came you in this habit?

Clar. Now you indeed recall my blushes: but I had no other veil to hide them, while I confessed the injuries I had done your heart, in fooling with a man I never meant on any terms to engage with. Beside, I knew, from our late parting, your fear of losing me would reduce you to comply with Sir Solomon's demands, for his interest in your favour. Therefore, as you saw, I was resolved to ruin his market, by seeming to raise it; for he secretly took the offer I made him.

Cler. 'Twas generously and timely offered; for it really prevented my signing articles to him. But if you would heartily convince me that I shall never more have need of his interest, e'en let us steal to the next priest, and honestly put it out of his power ever to part us.

Clar. Why, truly, considering the trust I have made you, 'twould be ridiculous now, I think, to deny you any thing: and if you should grow weary of me after such usage, I cann't blame you.

Cler. *Banish that fear; my flame can never waste,*
For love sincere refines upon the taste. [Exeunt.

Enter Sir SOLOMON, *with old Mr.* WILFUL; *Lady* SADLIFE, *and* SYLVIA *weeping.*

Sir Sol. Troth, my old friend, this is a bad business indeed; you have bound yourself in a thousand pounds bond, you say, to marry your daughter to a fine gentleman, and she in the mean time, it seems, is fallen in love with a stranger.

Wilf. Look you, Sir Solomon, it does not trouble me o'this; for I'll make her do as I please, or I'll starve her.

L. Sad. But, sir, your daughter tells me that the gentleman she loves is in every degree in as good circumstances as the person you design her for; and if he does not prove him-

self so before to-morrow morning, she will cheerfully submit to whatever you'll impose on her.

Wilf. All sham! all sham! only to gain time. I expect my friend and his son here immediately, to demand performance of articles; and if her ladyship's nice stomach does not immediately comply with them, as I told you before, I'll starve her.

L. Sad. But, consider, sir, what a perpetual discord must a forced marriage probably produce.

Wilf. Discord! pshaw, waw! One man makes as good a husband as another. A month's marriage will set all to rights, I warrant you. You know the old saying, Sir Solomon, lying together makes pigs love.

L. Sad. [*To* Syl.] What shall we do for you? There's no altering him. Did not your lover promise to come to your assistance?

Syl. I expect him every minute; but cannot foresee from him the least hope of my redemption.——This is he.

Enter ATALL *undisguised.*

At. My Sylvia, dry those tender eyes; for while there's life there's hope.

L. Sad. Ha! is't he? but I must smother my confusion. [*Aside.*

Wilf. How now, sir! pray, who gave you commission to be so familiar with my daughter?

At. Your pardon, sir; but when you know me right, you'll neither think my freedom or my pretensions familiar or dishonourable.

Wilf. Why, sir, what pretensions have you to her?

At. Sir, I saved her life at the hazard of my own: that gave me a pretence to know her; knowing her made me love, and gratitude made her receive it.

Wilf. Ay, sir! And some very good reasons, best known to myself, make me refuse it. Now, what will you do?

At. I cannot tell yet, sir; but if you'll do me the favour to let me know those reasons——

Wil. Sir, I do not think myself obliged to do either;—— but I'll tell you what I'll do for you: since you say you love my daughter, and she loves you, I'll put you in the nearest way to get her. 342

At. Do not flatter me, I beg you, sir.

Wilf. Not I, upon my soul, sir; for, look you, 'tis only this——get my consent, and you shall have her.

At. I beg your pardon, sir, for endeavouring to talk reason to you. But, to return your raillery, give me leave to tell you, when any man marries her but myself, he must extremely ask my consent.

Wilf. Before George, thou art a very pretty impudent fellow; and I'm sorry I cannot punish her disobedience, by throwing her away upon thee. 352

At. You'll have a great deal of plague about this business, sir; for I shall be mighty difficult to give up my pretensions to her.

Wilf. Ha! 'tis a thousand pities I cannot comply with thee. Thou wilt certainly be a thriving fellow; for thou dost really set the best face upon a bad cause, that ever I saw since I was born.

At. Come, sir, once more, raillery apart; suppose I prove myself of equal birth and fortune to deserve her. 361

Wilf. Sir, if you were eldest son to the Cham of Tartary, and had the dominions of the Great Mogul entailed upon you and your heirs for ever, it would signify no more than the bite of my thumb. The girl's disposed of; I have matched her already, upon a thousand pounds forfeit; and faith, she shall fairly run for't, though she's yerk'd and flead from the crest to the crupper.

At. Confusion!

Syl. What will become of me?

Wilf. And if you don't think me in earnest now, here comes one that will convince you of my sincerity.

At. My father! Nay, then my ruin is inevitable.

Enter Sir HARRY ATALL.

Sir Har. [*To* At.] Oh, sweet sir! have I found you at last? Your very humble servant. What's the reason, pray, that you have had the assurance to be almost a fortnight in town, and never come near me, especially when I sent you word that I had business of such consequence with you.

At. I understood your business was to marry me, sir, to a woman I never saw: and to confess the truth, I durst not come near you, because I was at the same time in love with one you never saw.

Sir Har. Was you so, sir? Why, then, sir, I'll find a speedy cure for your passion——Brother Wilful——Hey, fiddles there!

At. Sir, you may treat me with what severity you please; but my engagements to that lady are too powerful and fixed to let the utmost misery dissolve them.

Sir Har. What does the fool mean?

At. That I can sooner die than part with her.

Wilf. Hey!——Why is this your son, Sir Harry?

Sir Har. Hey-day!—Why, did not you know that before?

At. Oh, earth, and all you stars! is this the lady you designed me, sir?

Syl. Oh, fortune! is it possible?

Sir Har. And is this the lady, sir, you have been making such a bustle about?

At. Not life, health, or happiness are half so dear to me.

Sir Sol. [*Joining* At. *and* Sylvia's *hands.*] Loll, loll, lerol!

At. Oh, transporting joy! [*Embracing* Sylvia.

Sir Har. and Wil. Loll! loll!

[*Joining in the tune, and dancing about them.*

Sir Sol. Hey! within there! [*Calls the fiddles.*] By jingo, we'll make a night on't!

Enter CLARINDA *and* CLERIMONT.

Clar. Save you, save you, good people—I'm glad, uncle, to hear you call so cheerfully for the fiddles, it looks as if you had a husband ready for me.

Sir Sol. Why, that I may have by to-morrow night, madam; but in the mean time, if you please, you may wish your friends joy.

Clar. Dear Sylvia!

Syl. Clarinda!

At. Oh, Clerimont, such a deliverance!

Cler. Give you joy, joy, sir.

Clar. I congratulate your happiness, and am pleased our little jealousies are over; Mr. Clerimont has told me all, and cured me of curiosity for ever.

Syl. What, married?

Clar. You'll see presently. But, Sir Solomon, what do you mean by to-morrow? Why, do you fancy I have any more patience than the rest of my neighbours?

Sir Sol. Why, truly, madam, I do not suppose you have; but I believe to-morrow will be as soon as their business can be done; by which time I expect a jolly fox-hunter from Yorkshire: and if you are resolved not to have patience till next day, why, the same parson may toss you up all four in a dish together.

Clar. A filthy fox-hunter!

Sir Sol. Odzooks, a mettled fellow, that will ride you from day-break to sun-set! None of your flimsy London rascals,

that must have a chair to carry them to their coach, and a coach to carry them to a trapes, and a constable to carry both to the round-house.

Clar. Ay, but this fox-hunter, Sir Solomon, will come home dirty and tired as one of his hounds; he'll be always asleep before he's a-bed, and on horseback before he's awake; he must rise early to follow his sport, and I sit up late at cards for want of better diversion. Put this together my wise uncle.

Sir Sol. Are you so high fed, madam, that a country gentleman of fifteen hundred pounds a year won't go down with you?

Clar. Not so, sir; but you really kept me so sharp, that I was e'en forced to provide for myself; and here stands the fox-hunter for my money. [*Claps* Cler. *on the shoulder.*

Sir Sol. How?

Cler. Even so, Sir Solomon—Hark in your ear, sir—You really held your consent at so high a price, that, to give you a proof of my good husbandry, I was resolved to save charges, and e'en marry her without it.

Sir Sol. Hell and———

Clar. And hark you in t'other ear, sir——Because I would not have you expose your reverend age by a mistake, know, sir, I was the young spark with a smooth face and a feather, that offered you a thousand guineas for your consent, which you would have been glad to have taken.

Sir Sol. The devil!——If ever I traffic in women's flesh again, may all the bank stocks fall when I have bought them, and rise when I have sold them.——Hey-day! what have we here? more cheats?

Cler. Not unlikely, sir; for I fancy they are married.

Enter Lady DAINTY, *and* CARELESS.

L. Sad. That they are, I can assure you——I give your highness joy, madam.

L. Dain. Lard, that people of any rank should use such vulgar salutations! though, methinks, highness has something of grandeur in the sound.——But I was in hopes, good people, that confident fellow, Careless, had been among you.

Care. What say you, madam, (to divert the good company) shall we send for him by way of mortification?

L. Dain. By all means; for your sake, methinks, I ought to give him full despair.

Care. Why, then, to let you see, that 'tis a much easier thing to cure a fine lady of her sickly taste, than a lover of his impudence—there's Careless for you, without the least tincture of despair about him. [*Discovers himself.*

All. Ha! Careless!

L. Dain. Abused! undone!

All. Ha, ha!

Cler. Nay now, madam, we wish you a superior joy; for you have married a man instead of a monster.

Care. Come, come, madam; since you find you were in the power of such a cheat, you may be glad it was no greater: you might have fallen into a rascal's hands; but you know I am a gentleman, my fortune no small one, and, if your temper will give me leave, will deserve you.

L. Sad. Come, e'en make the best of your fortune; for, take my word, if the cheat had not been a very agreeable one, I would never have had a hand in't.——You must pardon me, if I cann't help laughing.

L. Dain. Well, since it must be so, I pardon all; only one

thing let me beg of you, sir; that is, your promise to wear this habit one month for my satisfaction.

Care. Oh, madam, that's a trifle! I'll lie in the sun a whole summer for an olive complexion to oblige you.

L. Dain. Well, Mr. Careless, I begin now to think better of my fortune, and look back with apprehension of the escape I have had; you have already cured my folly, and were but my health recoverable, I should think myself completely happy.

Care. For that, madam, we'll venture to save you doctor's fees;

And trust to nature: time will soon discover,
Your best physician is a favour'd lover. [Exeunt omnes.

EPILOGUE.

WELL, sirs, I know not how the play may pass,
But, in my humble sense—our bard's an ass;
For had he ever known the least of nature,
H' had found his double spark a dismal creature;
To please two ladies he two forms puts on,
As if the thing in shadows could be done;
The women really two, and he, poor soul! but one.
Had he revers'd the hint, h' ad done the feat,
Had made th' impostor credibly complete;
A single mistress might have stood the cheat.
She might to several lovers have been kind,
Nor strain'd your faith, to think both pleas'd and blind.
Plain sense had known, the fair can love receive,
With half the pains your warmest vows can give.
But, hold!—I'm thinking I mistake the matter——
On second thoughts—The hint's but honest satire,
And only meant t' expose their modish sense
Who think the fire of love's but impudence.
Our spark was really modest; when he found
Two female claims at once, he one disown'd;
Wisely presuming, though in ne'er such haste,
One would be found enough for him at last.
So that, to sum the whole, I think the play
Deserves the usual favours on his day;
If not, he swears he'll write the next to music,
In doggrel rhimes would make or him, or you sick.
His groveling sense Italian airs shall crown,
And then he's sure ev'n nonsense will go down.
But if you'd have the world suppose the stage
Not quite forsaken in this airy age,
Let your glad votes our needless fears confound,
And speak in claps as loud for sense or sound.

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